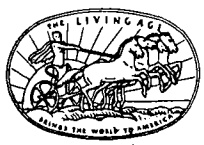
THE LIVING AGE



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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, New York, New York. Editorial and general offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Editor: Lamar Middleton, Assistant Editors: Marjorie McFarland, Sylvia Kantor. 50c a copy. $5.00 a year. Canada, $5.50. Foreign, $6.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1941, by The Living Age Company, Inc., New York, New York: Irvine Harvey Williams, President and Treasurer; Anne Roane, Secretary.

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The text below is a translation of the latest German-language leaflets rained upon German cities, particularly the industrial communities, by the R.A.F. The reverse side of the leaflets, which are dropped in paper-wrapped cubes that split apart on striking the ground, enumerates the German cities and towns previously attacked by British bombers and, to add to the desired effect upon the German civilian population, the number killed and the extent of damage are also detailed. The implication is that these reports reach Britain from spies within the Reich.

TERROR!

TERROR was Hitler's weapon when he subjugated the German people and the German Reich to his party.

TERROR was Hitler's weapon against Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Norway; terror against defenseless people, murder of the unarmed, burning of undefended cities.

TERROR unrestrained, premeditated terror, forced Holland, Belgium and disunited France upon their knees.

TERROR was also to break Britain's will to fight. *BUT*

YOU HAVE MISJUDGED US!

Göring's bombs will be unable to do anything against the traditional equanimity, against the iron nerve, against the decided will of the British. Every day this will be made more clear to you.

BOMBS AGAINST BOMBS!

This is our answer to Hitler—bombs and always more bombs.

BOMBS upon your barracks, your naval ports, your airdromes.

BOMBS upon the Krupp works, upon Spandau, upon Augsburg, upon Magdeburg.

BOMBS upon all your gasoline factories, upon Leuna, Misburg, Poehlitz.

BOMBS upon the German war machine. Bombs smashing constantly further eastward.

WE FIGHT BACK!

—*Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad*, Batavia, Java

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

July 1941 *Volume 360, Number 4498*

The World Over

SENTIMENT IN THIS COUNTRY over intervention appears to be settling into two distinct schools, in part because of Hitler's bare-faced onslaught upon the Soviet Union. That non-existent animal, the average citizen, is for getting in now, by means of an honest declaration of war; or he is for staying out, come what may. On this issue, political lines have broken down altogether: there are virtually as many leading Republicans advocating steps that will lead inevitably to a "shooting war" as there are Democrats, both in and out of the Administration. No one as yet can judge accurately, not even the infallible Doctor Gallup, that a majority of Americans takes this or that stand, despite opposed claims of the Fight for Freedom Committee and of the America First Committee. The President, whose sense of timing and of the nation's mood is extraordinary, is obviously waiting for a more clear-cut manifestation of pro-intervention sentiment before asking Congress for a war declaration. Meanwhile, from a variety of groups Mr. Roosevelt is under terrific pressure from citizens in all walks of life, many of them men and women of prominence and wide influence, to seize all Atlantic bases that our naval and military strategists want—or not to seize them; to order the Navy and American merchantmen (after the *Robin Moor* torpedoing) to fire on any Axis submarine, or to withhold fire; and to give the Axis ambassadors their passports, or not to act so precipitately.

There will certainly be more sinkings of American merchantmen in neutral waters. There is no reason to doubt that the Germans mean what they say, in that respect. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is not going beyond the announced intentions of the Nazi High Command when it states:

> It is time every American knew what awaits his country's shipping and the products of her armaments industry if Roosevelt's plans mature. . . . Whatever

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these may be, they will lead to only one result: the most swift and sure sinking of American ships, because German arms bar every route between America and England.

Rear Admiral Luetzow, one of the chief Nazi publicists, describing the advantages that the United States enjoys in the use of a reconnoitering "neutrality patrol," while the nation is not technically at war, protests that "we cannot believe that the American people can accomplish their entrance into a hard war in such an immoral manner, and still hope for a good final result."

To judge by the cables, the German consensus appears to be that, while entry of the United States in the conflict may mean added burdens upon the Reich, it cannot affect the outcome because, at best, this country's war effort could not become of decisive importance until after 1942. In any event, our entry will not surprise the German people, C. Brooks Peters at Berlin reports to *The New York Times*, because "they have been warned that such an event may occur and, although the man in the street appears to believe that the United States might, by its entry, prolong the war, he appears not to believe that the Reich can lose it."

THE MOVEMENT FOR SOME FORM of Anglo-American Union has progressed far beyond the shores of the United States. In recent years, the idea was revived and given impetus by the arguments advanced in *Union Now*, the work of Clarence Streit, for many years the correspondent at Geneva of *The New York Times*. Not always in the same form proposed by Mr. Streit, the idea of an Anglo-American federation, or of a confederation of the "Atlantic democracies," has in the past two years gained thousands of adherents in Canada, Australia and New Zealand; in England, for a variety of reasons, the movement for union with the United States, or for common citizenship, is now much stronger and more articulate than in this country.

It is particularly interesting, and perhaps constitutes more than a straw in the wind, that the latest country in which this union movement has gained headway is the Union of South Africa. There exists in parts of the Union a strong anti-British sentiment, and there is also a pro-Nazi element that cannot be dismissed. The majority of the nation, which is now at war, is behind General J. C. Smuts, the Prime Minister (a biographical sketch of whom appears on page 448), but even so the opposition is substantial.

In the last issue at hand of *The Forum*, a weekly of Johannesburg, the issue of "union with America" is treated at some length. That journal remarks:

Provocative new trends and thoughts have arrived in South Africa. Concrete new proposals in the field of political economy are being made. Too vital for one country, they started in America, spread to Britain, Sweden and Switzerland, and now have leaped the South Atlantic to this sub-continent. . . . [Union] gatherings have been held in the Transvaal. One branch has been formed in

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Johannesburg, another in Springs. It is intended to call public meetings up and down the Reef. . . . Big men in South Africa, America and Europe already are conversant with the fundamental principles of Union. General Smuts, Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill all have made public speeches alluding to it by implication. Sooner or later one of them will come out openly for it.

The obstacles to any such confederation are multitudinous, and perhaps chief among them at this hour are those presented by the constitutional law of the several Dominions whose membership is necessary to make Union a positive act, not a paper statement of principles. Particularly knotty is the hurdle presented by the organic law of the United States. Readers may recall, in *The Living Age* for June, the ingenious solution advanced by Rubin Gotesky: that all the Dominions, together with the British Isles, petition immediately for admission into the American Union. That may appear sensational, but to judge from some reactions to that article, certain authorities at home in the vagaries of international and constitutional law do not regard the idea as grotesque.

BREAKDOWN OF TRADE NEGOTIATIONS between the Netherlands East Indies and Japan during the past month, brought vociferous charges from the Japanese press that the United States and Great Britain had sabotaged the long-drawn-out parleys and probably would extend military and naval aid to Batavia instead of the usual "moral support." Both official Tokyo and Washington in mid-June tended to minimize the dispute.

Japan has staked priority claims on the East Indies through long and close historical associations and through later dominance in the economic field, where the two countries have much the interdependence of the United States and Canada. Tokyo has said, time and again, that Japan did not want the Indies from a territorial point of view, but as a necessary economic outlet. But Washington has doubts concerning Japan's reported lack of interest in an actual land grab.

Writing in a recent issue of *Genchi Hokoku*, Etsuzo Maki, Japanese shipping magnate with interests in the South Seas, takes a sober view of the situation as concerns his country's dealings with the Indies. Says he:

Inhabitants of the Netherlands East Indies owe much to Japan, as we do to their country. Indonesians are accustomed to Japanese commodities to such an extent that they cannot make a living without them. The Batavia Government has often tried to oust Japan-made goods by various maneuvers, but these efforts have so far borne no fruit. This is not strange, because the natives there have much in common with the Japanese. For instance, hats and shirts suitable for Japanese can be worn by Indonesians without changing their sizes; as to the patterns of textiles, they have the same tastes. Chinese merchants, holding an influential position in the Netherlands East Indies, have often boycotted Japanese goods, only to see their business affected seriously.

A natural conclusion of these mutual economic relations would be the Neth-

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erlands East Indies' participation in the Japanese-sponsored East Asia co-prosperity sphere. In history, too, we can trace many instances of Netherlands-Japanese friendship. When the British once assaulted Java, it was much to the credit of Japanese volunteers that the Governor-General was able to repulse the invaders. The tricolor flag of Holland remained unmolested at Deshima [a port in Southern Japan] simply because the Tokugawa Shogunate did everything in its power to prevent invasion by the British Navy, whereas the tricolors were trampled down by the Union Jack all over the world. In those days, Deshima was an important gate to Feudal Japan, through which Western culture was imported by way of Batavia. Netherlanders not only taught us naval architecture but supplied us with warships to fend off foreign aggressors.

Relations between Japan and the Dutch colony today are not so friendly as they used to be. Two reasons are of the most importance—the Netherlanders' unnecessary suspicion about the recent Japanese ascendancy, and the Anglo-American domination in the Dutch colony. It is absolutely essential that these stumbling blocks be removed. Because the Netherlands was feeble in military strength, her policy, to maintain territorial integrity, had long been to exploit the balance of power among foreign nations. In the current world situation, however, this balance-of-power trick holds no water. If the East Indies could walk out of the Anglo-American orbit, the Batavia Government would willingly join the Japanese-sponsored East Asia program, intensifying economic co-operation.

We believe Japanese-N.E.I. economic co-operation will materialize sooner or later, whether the Dutch colony likes it or not, and no matter how frantically the Anglo-Saxon Powers may maneuver against it. Time certainly will lead the issue to a reasonable solution. However, we would like to see an early solution.

ALL OF THIS REASONING, of course, finds a lively and even pugnacious retort from the Dutch in the Netherlands East Indies. The foregoing may be the sober and reasoned viewpoint of the Japanese, but its logic makes no impress on the people of those islands that Tokyo wants to include in the New Order in Asia.

Thus the Deli (Dilli) *Courant:*

Slowly Japan begins to understand on which side the sympathies and antipathies of the Netherlands East Indies are to be found. It seems incredible to us, but it is a fact that wide and important Japanese circles until recently were of the opinion (as the Nazis had taught them) that the Netherlands Indies would prove to be as weak and vacillating as, for instance, Indo China. And, if a little pressure were applied, that we would be quite willing to accept the new order, *à la* Berlin. We were regarded as afraid, and given only to half measures. We were also said to be only "moderately enthusiastic" about the war the British are waging. This misunderstanding explains to some extent the curious attitude which we still meet in some of the Japanese papers.

The *Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad* is similarly outspoken:

If Japan were to satisfy all her needs in the Netherlands East Indies, and if Japan could continue sending to Germany commodities obtained from us (pre-

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viously imported from Thailand and Indo China), then by our exports we would be supporting the enemy. Indeed, this would also be the case were our exports to travel no farther than Japan. But we are a country at war, and we cannot wash our hands of this problem. We should be acting irresponsibly were we to export in such quantities to Japan for her own use that she could make the same purchase in another country for direct shipment to Germany.

A RECENT GALLUP POLL FOUND that 53 to 38 per cent (with 9 per cent undecided), the people of Great Britain as a whole were in favor of reprisal bombing of Germany. Whether curiously or not, those who had suffered most from the luftwaffe—residents of bombed London areas—opposed such an eye-for-an-eye policy by 47 to 45 per cent. The reasons given by about a half were equivalent to: "Don't kill women and children. It's not English. That's as bad as Hitler." The other half gave tactical reasons such as, "our present methods are best," or "knocking down houses won't win wars.

The British military authorities, meanwhile, continue to concentrate on "military objectives," rather than national monuments, with the paradox that the worst-hit German city, according to all reports, is Hamburg, which is traditionally pro-British and anti-Nazi; the English claim that its miles of docks, shipyards, railroad terminals and other industrial plants have now been largely destroyed.

According to Christian Corty in *Die Zeitung*, German refugee daily in London, Hamburg has always been a thorn in Hitler's side:

> Hitler always hated Hamburg and disliked to visit it, but he had to make special efforts there because of its extraordinary economic and social importance. Most of his attempts to gain their friendship appeared involuntarily comic to the people of Hamburg and were material for whispered jokes.

Hamburg, one of the old free cities of the Hanseatic League, grew to prosperity through a centuries-old tradition of peaceful, orderly labor:

> It was long the stronghold of Social Democracy, and its government and social structure were entirely un-Prussian in character. . . . Its people are descendants of generations of sailors and merchants who had long had friendly relations with foreign countries and particularly with England. When the Nazis came to power, they prepared a resistance which was unspectacular but tenacious and still goes silently on. It was notorious that the elections always went against Hitler and the results had to be falsified. The Heil Hitler salute was never universally accepted. Of course, "co-ordination" could not be avoided entirely, but local officials proved so lacking in energy and initiative, from the Nazi point of view, that special party representatives from Berlin had to be sent there repeatedly. . . . One of the worst offenses of the Hamburgers was their obstinate refusal to become anti-Semitic."

Corty's sad conclusion is that, "having fallen into the hands of the

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Nazis, Hamburg must suffer. It is the bitter result of its submission to their terror."

CENSORSHIP HAS, AS ALWAYS during war, played havoc with the press. Today, however, the snipping shears, the often senseless holding up of mail on "suspicion" that it is propaganda, has irritated editors of American magazines and newspapers specializing in foreign affairs. A bundle of Swiss and German newspapers dated from May to September 1940, for example, was received by *The Living Age* on June 17 last—more than a year late. These papers were routed by way of the Atlantic; and the sunshine of Bermuda, although doing them no harm other than fading their ink, rendered them useless. (Some of them, incidentally, were on sale months ago in certain bookstores of New York and Chicago.)

Papers from Europe sent by way of Siberia—usually Nazi publications—generally succeed in reaching New York, although here again much of this mail is delayed and even destroyed at San Francisco, while mail routed across the Pacific to Vancouver confronts as strict and uncritical censorship as that practiced at Bermuda.

It has been observed in this place before that it is paying no compliment to American intelligence, and that it is doing this nation a disservice, to destroy much of this material on grounds that it is propaganda, which is the action taken and the explanation offered by the United States postal authorities. Anything written or said or sung or played is propaganda, and so what? Japanese newspapers and magazines have been held up or destroyed at San Francisco, as have European papers at Bermuda. The only way to counter propaganda is by printing and exposing it; its capricious destruction by some postal clerk, acting upon blanket orders of Washington, does not prevent foreign correspondents from cabling excerpts of it to American newspapers and press associations. It would be more intelligent, and the part of realism, to permit free circulation here of all foreign publications, most particularly those that are the acknowledged organs of the dictators. As a typical example of how exceedingly innocuous most of this "inflammatory" material is, we recommend in this issue, "Italy Salutes the Japanese," a translation from the Duce's newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia.*

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the conditions and changes of foreign countries.*"

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Being an ode in prose by a Fascist littérateur on behalf of the Axis

Italy Salutes the Japanese

By MARIO APPELIUS

Popolo d'Italia, Milan Daily

BANZAI Nippon! Long Live Japan! Italy and Germany greet the Japanese people. Like ourselves, that nation is heroic, warlike, industrious, artistic, frugal, tenacious and prolific. The Japanese people possess all the virtues that entitle their nation to eminence and power. They have the right to exercise that power in the geographical area to which Destiny has assigned them. In Eastern Asia, none but the Japanese can accomplish, in the interests of civilization, the sacred task of organization, of co-ordination and stimulation; all history, logic and justice give over that role to Japan —whether or not it pleases Churchill, Roosevelt or the various Moseses and Aarons of international plutocracy.

It should be carefully noted that, within the framework of the present conflict, Japan possesses one of the greatest armed forces in modern history. Nippon has the third largest navy in the world, a powerful industrial system, and a strong strategic position dominating the Pacific and Indian oceans.

In the path of her rightful advancement, Japan finds the Anglo-American plutocracy. Although that nation is energetic, dynamic and over-populated, the plutocratic powers wish to condemn her to an inferior position. But Japan is resolved to make her way with her fists and to gain her legitimate place in the sun.

A common fate directs the destinies of Italy, Germany and Japan. Simultaneously these three nations began their forward march in the portentous decade of 1860-70. The historical cycle that began at that time will come to a conclusion in this war. These three great peoples have labored hard toward this achievement, and all have had to fight the same enemy—England.

At first, England was in favor of a gradual evolution of Germany, Italy and Japan, judging them useful pawns

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to move against France, Austria and Russia. But, in British eyes, Italy, Germany and Japan committed an unforgivable sin: they grew too rapidly and refused to accept the vassal status to which British hegemony proposed to assign them.

There is a dramatic similarity in the respective policies of England toward Italy, Germany and Japan. The treachery, for example, of the Portsmouth Treaty [ending the Russo-Japanese War] and that of the Pact of London [the secret agreement of 1915, in which France, Russia and Britain agreed to "compensate" Italy for declaring war on her ally, Germany] both had their genesis in the same perfidy. In the Versailles Treaty, a document that appeased the vanity of Clemenceau and Wilson, Britain's triple aim was to deliver a blow at Italy, Germany and Japan. Again, the mechanism of the League of Nations was obviously designed by England to perpetuate her worldwide shackles of slavery, and to halt the growth of Rome and Tokyo. From Versailles on, Britain's policy was consistently anti-German, anti-Italian and anti-Japanese, and in this policy Britain was in harmony with other plutocratic interests.

The Judao-Anglo-American combination sees in Italy, Germany and Japan three enterprising and autarchic nations which have revolted against the tyranny of gold; that combination fears these three competitors, the more so since their respective peoples know how to work and are not afraid of work. The overbearing British policy, together with the arrogant economic dictates of the Anglo-American combination, led inevitably to the tripartite pact among Italy, Germany and Japan.

There are few if any examples in history of an alliance which so perfectly expresses the vital needs of the peoples who have joined in that alliance! Identical motives drive us onward against the common enemy.

All the recent efforts which plutocratic propagandists have made to separate Italy from Germany, and to induce Japan to leave the Axis, have been condemned to failure because of England's prior record of duplicity toward our three nations. Manchuria, the sanctions [declared against Italy by League members in consequence of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia] and the Sudetens are all pages in the same volume of history.

THERE is a singularly poetic beauty in the mutuality of interests between Italy and Japan, which is the heir and redeemer to the civilization of the East. Our Italian historical sense recognizes in Japan an imperial, warlike nation which with mystic courage is marching over the stone-heaps of the old Chinese civilization to create a greater Asiatic civilization. Here there is a parallel with the mystic courage that characterized the brave march of the ancient Roman people over the ruins of Hellas, to the end of building the great civilization of the West.

Fascist Italy acclaims the powerful Empire of the Rising Sun. The excellence of one of the greatest peoples of our modern world is attested by their cannon, their workshops, their blooming cherry-trees and their never-empty cradles. *Banzai* Nippon!

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The capital of Free France is in French Equatorial Africa

Paris Moves to the Congo

By Ben Lucien Burman

ON THE palm-fringed river some Negroes are gliding past in a dugout, chanting mournfully as they ply their long paddles. On the shore women in fantastic costumes are talking in their curious liquid language that rushes like a waterfall. In the distance I hear the deep throbbing of a tomtom, beating out a mysterious message in the forest. This is the Congo, the heart of the darkness of Africa.

Suddenly the sharp beat of military drums nearby drowns the far-off throbbing. Troops march past, white soldiers with gay young faces, singing *Madelon.* Overhead appears an airplane marked with the cross of Lorraine. And I am reminded that I am witnessing a miracle. Here, astride the equator, France survives.

In Paris the spirit of France is entombed beneath the swastika. In Vichy the old men talk of joining hands with their conquerors. Here in Brazzaville, capital of de Gaulle's Free France, brave men are rallying and taking oath never to return to their native land so long as a single German soldier stands on its soil.

It is stirring; it is moving. And it is important. De Gaulle Africa is a vast empire, stretching from the busy Atlantic ports of Pointe Noire and Douala 2,000 miles across forest and desert to the Egyptian frontier. More important than its mere size is the fact that it controls the Tchad, keystone of an arch formed by the British colonies that fringe the east and west coasts of the continent. So long as the Allies hold the Tchad region, the British present a solid front from the South Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Should this keystone fall, the Nazis could push down between the two pillars of British territory and take the heart of the continent. The Belgians frankly admit that but for the Free French their highly developed colony

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just across the Congo River would long ago have been seized by the Germans, covetous of its rubber and its metals.

Moreover, the Tchad, with its formidable Arab and black warriors, holds a sword against the side of the Germans and Italians moving across the wastes of Libya. It is a dangerous sword, for the desert of Tibesti is a strange, magical land out of which warriors who know its mysteries suddenly materialize, strike and disappear.

The Germans and Italians are bitterly aware of this. They have felt the sting of de Gaulle fire at Tobruch and Bengasi, at Keren and Addis Ababa, at Kufra and Murzuch. Not only have the de Gaulle African troops been useful, but they have provided a rallying point around which France can gather the remnants of its strength.

More patriots arrive each day. They come, rich and poor, young and old, from Arles and Amiens, from Perpignan and Paris, from the Alps and the Pyrénées. An aged and famous scientist has stolen past the German lines to make his perilous way southward. A simple Breton fisherman somehow has managed to sail his own craft to free soil. Twelve Catholic priests have laid aside their robes and serve as soldiers and officers. Others have come from Martinique and Madagascar, from Algiers and Angkor.

Each man's tale is a saga of patience and courage, often high melodrama. Take Captain Dupont, a jolly, bearded aviator, who set out from far-off Indo-China with twenty fellow officers and men, on bicycles, to reach a friendly frontier several hundred miles away, find a British ship, and join de Gaulle. They lost their way in the jungle, ran out of food. A tiger got one. Another died of fever. That left nineteen, for a little while. Then there were fifteen, twelve, eleven. At last, after weeks of journeying, they saw the friendly country which meant safety. But as they stole through the woods one of them stumbled noisily. A border patrol of the Vichy Government captured all except Captain Dupont. Their long agony ended in defeat and prison. But the Captain got to the sea, saw an English destroyer on patrol, and is now here.

Then there is Corporal Gilbert, a French boy too young for the army when war began. With some soldiers he started to leave Paris as the Germans were nearing. At the Gare Saint Lazaire there was a surging mob of refugees, and no train. But one of the soldiers had worked for the railroad. He guided the others to the yards and, eluding watchmen, they seized a locomotive. Somehow they got it going. It carried them until they came to a bombed bridge. They found an abandoned automobile and begged enough gas to get a few miles farther. Then on foot to the coast, where their pooled cash bought a small boat from a fisherman. After five days in a heavy fog they reached the coast of Cornwall—seven more men to serve under the cross of Lorraine.

THE exodus from occupied France to this Free France has become so serious that the Vichy Government has issued a decree barring all males be-

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tween nineteen and forty-one from the coastal regions and the frontiers. In the eyes of Vichy every man here is a traitor. Their property has been confiscated, many are under sentence of death. But they are the men to whom France some day will erect its monuments.

Ironically, some of them are the sons of Vichy generals who, as judges in courts-martial, sentenced de Gaulle leaders to death. Most of them wear assumed names, for obvious reasons, but young Bécour Foch does not. Pétain denounced the youth of France, who, he said, had failed the country in its crisis. They retort in one voice, "Tell America it was the weak old men, like Pétain, who lost France for us. It was Pétain who killed the soul of France."

In America there is a feeling that Pétain is trying to do his best under appalling circumstances. Here Frenchmen of all classes from every part of the empire say that Pétain betrayed France and now is handing over what is left—and willingly. Ugly stories drift in of how Vichy permits the Germans to penetrate Morocco with their missions, their tourists, their salesmen —the usual harbingers of invasion. Uglier stories assert that German troops land in Libya under protection of the guns of French fortresses fringing the sandy shores of Tunis. Frenchmen here believe the Germans plan to establish bases down the west coast of Africa to harass British shipping that goes by way of the Cape of Good Hope; and they think the men of Vichy will do nothing to interfere. With my own ears I can hear the radio station at Dakar trying to jam the Free French station half a kilometer from my door.

Meanwhile this straggling little settlement, suddenly become the capital of an empire, is working feverishly night and day, building encampments, assembling material, improvising equipment out of native resources and sometimes, it seems, out of the steaming air. There is a school for officers, a little West Point of Free France with well over a hundred students, including many who once were cadets at St. Cyr. This is the second class; the first class already has been graduated and is serving at the front.

THERE are troops of all kinds—how many I may not say. But on the coast one encounters bronzed Breton and Norman marines manning the great guns. One sees sailors of patrol boats or destroyers that are refueling at Yaoundé. The uniform of the devil-may-care Foreign Legion is no longer a novelty on forest trails.

Negro troops are on every hand—great tall men from the Tchad in flaming red uniforms. Native militia, their black faces tattooed with strange designs that indicate whether they are of the tribe of Batiki or Basoundi or Madoumi. Their camps dot the country everywhere. In the deep forests these are little straw villages like those Stanley saw when he searched for Livingstone. In Brazzaville they are tall cones of adobe, painted in brilliant stripes of white and scarlet. Every married native has his own little dwelling where his wife prepares his meal of manioc and papaya. Every night

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when the moon is full I can hear them dancing to the sound of the tomtom in rhythm identical with the jazz and swing of a New York night club.

The number of troops increases each day, making it hard work to get a bed and the essential mosquito net. New buildings are hurriedly built of timber sawn from the towering forest.

This activity under a sun that burns like a blowtorch is rich testimony to the power of the human spirit. There is no machinery here, no equipment, no money. The little shops have long since been empty. The breaking of a cheap dish becomes a calamity, for it cannot be replaced. Yet with infinite patience, with cleverness, with gayety, castoff sewing machines are made to fashion uniforms, a rifle and a water bottle are conjured up somehow, and a few more young men are eager to go off to battle.

The story of how Brazzaville, nerve center of all this activity, was seized for Free France is indicative of the spirit of its leaders. A group of French officials of the region—chief of whom was an army doctor with the rank of General, a tall, blue-eyed Breton beloved of the whites and natives alike—decided when the news of armistice arrived they would never obey it; if necessary they would join the British Army to continue the fight.

A few days later the appeal of General de Gaulle came over the radio from London. Instantly they decided to join him. Through the jungle they sped to the most remote outposts to rally their comrades. The Governor, a Vichy supporter, decided to crush the movement and ordered the troops he suspected to surrender their ammunition. The officers emptied the ammunition boxes and sent them to headquarters filled with stones. The day set for the revolt arrived: the de Gaulle soldiers surrounded the palace of the Governor and ordered him to surrender. The Governor prepared to open fire—confident that the besiegers lacked ammunition. But when emissaries of de Gaulle forces informed him of the real situation he capitulated. Without the expenditure of even a blank cartridge, the Congo was saved, free for the French and de Gaulle.

OUTSIDE my window, women have come with frenzied beating of drums to exhibit newborn twins, lying naked in a basket, and receive a fitting present. A young chimpanzee captured in the nearby woods is dancing excitedly at the end of his chain, trying to reach the huge papayas drooping over his head. Masamba, the native boy, comes in with a snake he has killed in the garden, the deadly "minute snake" whose bite is said to stop the heart within sixty seconds. Black clouds are gathering overhead for the daily storm. The room is stifling. I reach for my quinine. This is the Congo, the heart of darkness.

I hear the beat of military drums. Young French soldiers march past with the flag of the cross of Lorraine flying proudly. I see the light in their faces. In far-off France men talk of helping their country's invaders. Here they talk only of how to accomplish their defeat. This is no longer the heart of darkness. This is the Congo, the cradle of New France.

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A Swiss comments that their letters are not 'revolutionary'

The Nazi Soldier Writes Home

By A. B.

Weltwoche, Zurich

THE letters home of German soldiers, particularly those written in recent months, are far more expressive of the mental attitude of these field-gray fighters than is the war correspondence of Nazi journalists at the front.

Despite various "inspirational features" in German newspapers, on the radio and in German films, these letters remain the strongest bond between the front and the soldiers' families at home. These warriors in Poland, Norway, the Netherlands, France, Belgium and the Balkans had, during the late winter months, far more leisure in which to write letters than did their fathers who, during 1914-18, were almost continually engaged in deadly fighting.

There is also another cardinal reason that explains this flood of letters from the front to the soldiers' families. That may be said to be the disappearance, in the newspapers and in German wartime literature, of all personal journalism. Within the rigid limitations of the press, radio and the films, where all expression is controlled by a formula now become familiar, individual observations and aspirations cannot find utterance, and thus the soldier's letter home has come to have a special importance as the one medium of personal thought.

That is not to say, of course, that the written word passes uncensored; it is subject to the same controls as the printed word. But it is far more difficult to control the contents of several million letters daily—sometimes thousands of them illegibly written—than it is to watch over the contents of a few hundred newspapers and magazines. Thus frequently certain passages pass unnoticed in these letters, and reach home uncensored. Such passages are not always dangerous to the State but, on the other hand, they are observations and revelations that would not

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be permitted in any German newspaper. Obviously, these individual reflections and impressions convey much more about the hopes of the German soldier and his general point of view, than do any of the official and semi-official communiqués.

I have read many of these letters and I have noticed the frequency with which in them appear various familiar Nazi party slogans. When these appeared I always asked the age of the letter writer. This led to the interesting conclusion that most of these slogans were repeated, parrot-fashion, by men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. Somewhat surprising to me was the fact that most of the letters I examined from older men, together with those written by younger soldiers, were far more critical and free in expression.

The only explanation for this is that the men between thirty-five and forty-five had had some *Weltanschauung* or ideology before the Nazis seized power, and that the letter-writers in this age-group were less susceptible to dogma and propaganda than those in between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. Again, the reason for the more critical attitude of front-line soldiers between twenty and twenty-five was doubtless that the Nazi State was the only established authority they knew and, as with every young generation, at times they opposed that authority as a matter of principle. In the letters I examined of this last age-group, the Nazi slogans often appeared but in most cases they were ironically hung between quotation marks.

But it would be rash to conclude that there is among the soldier youth of the land any widespread hostility to the present form of government. For the irony and skepticism of these young men embraces everything. It is applied impartially to the church and to the institutions of democracy no less than to those of totalitarianism. For example, a twenty-two-year-old student of law, who for many months was stationed along the Channel coast, writes home that "nobody will be able to make me believe that falsehood is not a legitimate and an effective weapon. Everyone always has lied. Why, then, has nobody had the courage to admit the effectiveness of lying? And why are lies served up to us in a glittering frame of false sincerity? Nonsense. Nobody can bamboozle us."

NOBODY can bamboozle us. . . . That is the dominating note in all the letters the writer has seen from the younger generation under German arms. In brief, it is the universal attitude of German youth. So far as they are concerned, they "see through everything." Had they some strong faith, some single ideal, they would today be taking sides for or against. But my impression is, reading their letters, that they are devoted only to their immediate leaders and to their comrades in the ranks. Of greatest influence among them are those with whom they are in daily contact. If their commander is a "regular guy," they will—in the phrase of one letter writer—"go with him against everything and everyone unto death." That typical attitude might some day prove highly dangerous to the Nazi State.

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The soldier's company or regimental commander is often worshipped, to judge by many of these letters, to sentimental extremes. Also to be noted is the fact that there is rarely any protest against discipline. Many of these letters suggest that the distance between officers and men has diminished. Battalion commanders spend their evenings with the men, to judge by some of this correspondence.

Incidentally, in few of these letters is the enemy treated with contempt; the individual soldier, when it comes to his opinion of the British, is far more sober and respectful than the Nazi war correspondent. In none of this correspondence from the front have I found any of the sarcastic, coarse and derisive expressions applied to the British which are the stock-in-trade of the German newspaper writers. Typical is the written remark from a German soldier stationed at Lodz (Litzmannstadt) in Poland that "our newspaper representations of Churchill as an idiotic clown are too stupid. We should be above such coarseness." And despite the succession of German victories in the field and in the air, the fighting power of the enemy is regarded by the individual German soldier with far more respect than the enemy receives in the Nazi press.

Some fatalistic expression may be found in almost every letter. None of the soldier-writers is given to asking questions, rhetorical or otherwise, about yesterday or tomorrow: all that counts is the present hour. You try to be a good comrade; you do your duty wherever it leads.

The world may shiver at this fatalistic attitude, which is without basis in any moral or ideological conception but founded in a purely mechanical fulfillment of duty. Perhaps a few lines from a letter written from Poland by a young German soldier are explanatory. They are:

"You will remember that when I was thirteen, I had to wait in line for bread. You know that I was alone, lost, without support from any human being or institution in Germany. The same fate was shared by thousands of others. We longed to get away from that disorder. We wanted to know where we stood, what we had to do.

"But in building an orderly society, we Germans have succeeded only in the army and in our military organizations. I know hundreds among us here who prefer this life at the front to our existence at home, for at least now we know where we belong and we have some sense of values."

Such quotations do not suggest that the German army is "revolutionary" in aim, as the press maintains. There is among these soldiers, old and young, a spirit of calm, almost of indifference. They do not write as though they were crusaders in a revolution for a "new order."

Price of Peace

One year of Nazi "protection" has cost Denmark —which did not offer any resistance to it—1,000,000,000 crowns [about $200,000,000].

—*Le Jour*, Montreal

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Doctors in beleaguered England were long prepared for raids

British Medicine Under Luftwaffe

By HUGH CLEGG, M.D.

The Nineteenth Century and After, London Independent Monthly

SEEING perhaps more clearly than the politicians of appeasement days, the civil medical profession in Great Britain prepared its plans so well in advance that it was the first organized group within the state to compile a register of personnel for war work; this was started by the British Medical Association in October 1937. The outbreak of war in September 1939 found the medical profession with a complete record of every doctor in the country in terms of experience, age, locality and willingness to serve at home or abroad. It was ready to meet the urgent demands of the Navy, the Army, the Air Force and the Emergency Medical Services at home. The Central Emergency Committee of the British Medical Association, which was set up in 1936, now became the Central Medical War Committee, and to it was given the task of allotting doctors to the three Services according to their demands. Local Emergency (later Medical War) Committees had been formed in every area of the country, and the work of these was done by voluntary unpaid secretaries (who were, of course, doctors). Knowledge of local doctors and of local medical needs made it possible for the local committees to see that the redistribution of medical skill was not made at the expense of the health of the civil population.

Once the machine had been built and was ready to move at the bidding of the God of War, the supply of doctors to the Forces was a relatively simple matter. The difficulties were chiefly those of adjustment. But to provide efficient medical service for the Home Front meant starting from scratch without the aid of that providential instrument—precedent.

We were all uncomfortably aware that the beginning of war might be heralded by a shower of thunderbolts from the sky in the shape of high ex-

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plosive bombs, incendiary missiles, and gas. Mr. H. G. Wells's film, *The Shape of Things to Come*, had made us sleep uneasily at night in every recurrent crisis that gave Europe the jitters. We had been told that "a first-class air-raid" might kill 50,000 people and wound 300,000 more. Would our hospitals and medical personnel stand such an unprecedented strain?

Early in 1939, the Ministry of Health asked the B.M.A. to propose terms and conditions of service for the staff of a Civilian Hospital Emergency Medical Service (E.M.S.), which the Government intended to establish as part of the National Civil Defense organization. This emergency hospital organization was based on the eleven regions into which England and Wales had been divided for civil defense purposes. In each region the Ministry of Health appointed a Hospital Officer to co-ordinate the activities of the various institutions in it; and in the larger districts within the regions a Group Officer was appointed to supervise and co-ordinate hospital accommodation and personnel. In the London area the hospitals were grouped into ten sectors. At the "apex" of each sector was one of the big London teaching hospitals. As the sector widened out to the periphery in the country thirty to forty miles from London, it included hospitals of different sorts and sizes. Many of these were "upgraded" to the status of casualty hospitals, and those less well-equipped were kept for the reception of convalescent cases and the treatment of the chronically ill. Each sector was in charge of a group officer. The aim of the scheme was to transfer the injured as quickly as possible from the center to the affiliated casualty base hospitals in the outer areas. The center of London, it was believed, would be devastated from the air. Doctors were appointed on a whole-time and a part-time basis, and the Ministry recruited 2,000 doctors for the London area and 3,000 for the provinces.

WHEN war broke out, at least 150,000 beds for casualties were available in England and Wales. On the day after war was declared, 650,000 healthy persons (mostly children) were evacuated from London; 17,000 mentally and physically defective were taken to places of safety; some 24,000 stretcher cases were removed from city hospitals to the country. Our normal, ordered way of life came abruptly to an end.

The hospitals immediately prepared to play their part in the new E.M.S. The London Hospital, which has since been hit several times by bombs, transferred £40,000 worth of equipment to the two sectors of which it was the focal point; its beds were reduced from a normal total of 900 to 180 for sick people and 200 reserved for air-raid casualties; 450 of its nurses were dispatched to other hospitals and institutions; the medical student began to wonder how many lectures he could attend in the forthcoming term. (In actual fact, education of medical students was carried on at the E.M.S. Hospital, where they got a wide experience.) At St. Bartholomew's Hospital a labyrinth of vaults under the anatomical department was cleared, reinforced and turned into shelters. All

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the hospitals began to live and work on the lower floors and in the basements. Basements and semi-basements were converted into operating theaters. Hospital staffs worked in three eight-hour shifts, with A.R.P. personnel, ambulance men and student assistants standing by. Sandbags were filled. Decontamination squads were formed. Four blood-transfusion depots were set up at the periphery by the Medical Research Council to supply stored blood for the transfusion of London's wounded; 15,000 donors offered to give their blood. Radium was buried fifty feet deep in the earth. We were all ready for the War in the Air.

By the end of the first week of September 1939, London looked like a deserted city, and a cat could cross Piccadilly without the risk of losing one of its nine lives. The sirens shrieked their wailing note twice in the first twenty-four hours. Then there was silence. Nothing happened. The war was not going according to the plan of the prophets.

But what the authorities were really afraid of was the spread of epidemic

—*Punch*, London

disease common during the Autumn months. Would the susceptible country children succumb to the germs brought into their midst by the town dwellers? The last time London was evacuated on a comparable scale was during the plague epidemics in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Would this evacuation to escape bombs start epidemics that would be more devastating than danger from the air, and would we not have been wiser to follow the example of Queen Elizabeth, who had forbidden evacuation of the civil population at the time of the Armada? The Ministry of Health arranged for local authorities to increase their hospital provision for infectious cases, and the B.M.A. for the ordinary medical treatment of evacuated children. The Medical Research Council established two central and twenty-three subsidiary laboratories for dealing with the bacteriological problems that might arise. Everyone kept a watch out for infections which reached their seasonal maxima in the Autumn—infantile paralysis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, and dysentery. But again we were reminded that surprise was one of the recurring phenomena of war. The incidence of infectious diseases in the first four months of war was remarkably low, and commentators on epidemiology now, in 1941, refer to 1938 as the last "normal" year —meaning the last year in which figures for infectious diseases reached their expected heights. But there was an increase in skin complaints associated with dirty conditions—scabies, impetigo, and head lice.

There is a general impression that

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the health of the town child has improved greatly as a result of prolonged stay in the country. Many of them have quietly made up their minds to go on the land when they grow up. But one surprising and well-supported observation is that the children in the reception areas are showing more evidence of mental strain than the children who have remained in the cities and been exposed to the noise and destruction of aerial bombardment. The disruption of family life and separation from parents has put a strain on the evacuees which many were ill-prepared to meet. There would appear to be an urgent need for the services of child psychiatrists in the reception areas, so that these children may be saved from the risk of growing up into neurotic adults.

If some of the children in the country districts were suffering from nervous strain, in what kind of distress were the children who stayed behind in London, Manchester, Bristol, Coventry, Birmingham? Many have been killed, innocent martyrs to that unholy symbol, the Nazi swastika. This is not the place to discuss the Government's shelter policy, but even the early advocates of deep shelters had not foreseen that large numbers of the population would have to sleep and have their being in underground railway stations, in the basements of business houses, in trench shelters, and under railway arches. In some of these the sanitary conditions have been appalling, and men, women, and children have had to shelter from high explosives in damp, dirt and stench. Public opinion was stirred and the Government was rated in the lay and the medical press.

Democracy was slow in getting to grips with the evil, but it has roused itself again and is putting things to rights. In the better shelters community life is being organized in such a way that the people living in them will expect something similar when peace returns. These shelters have bunks properly spaced, a first-aid post with nurse in attendance and a visiting doctor, libraries, pianos, canteens, concerts, film shows.

LOCAL and central authorities are seizing the opportunity of educating the shelter population in health matters. There is a big drive on to encourage the immunization of children against diphtheria, and the number so immunized has increased rapidly. By means of booklets, lectures and films, shelterers are being taught the elements of hygiene, the dangers of dirt, measures for avoiding and minimizing infections of the air passages.

They are, too, being educated in right feeding, by the various agencies which provide the canteen services. Some of these—especially the Friends' Ambulance Unit and the Women's Voluntary Services are doing pioneer work in weaning the poorer classes from their addiction to tea and cakes. So far, rationing has, from the point of view of health, been a good thing. By well-thought-out propaganda the Ministry of Food is carrying out a plan that may well change the food habits of the poorer classes. Although poverty may be the reason for many of their faulty habits in peacetime, there is no doubt that widespread ignorance has

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played almost as great a part. The Ministry of Food has recognized the fondness of the poor for white bread and made arrangements for white flour to be "fortified" with vitamin B1 and calcium. But by no means everyone agrees that this compromise with habit is a wise policy. Wholemeal flour would provide vitamins A, B2, and E, and also iron. Nevertheless the broad basis of the nation's nutritional policy is sound, and so long as we command the seas and continue this policy a great improvement in the nutrition of the nation may well be expected.

War, filthy and barbarous as it is, is a great "energizer." Medicine has had to tackle new problems and revise old ones in a new light. The enormous amount of work that has been done on the problems of blood transfusion, of storing blood in refrigerators, on the use of plasma and serum, will prove of great benefit in peace. The treatment of infected wounds by enclosing them in plaster, on the lines laid down by Winnett Orr in America and developed by Trueta in the Spanish War, has been widely adopted here, and has proved its value. The use of sulphanilamide in the prevention and treatment of wound infection, immunization against tetanus, the effects of blast—these are but a few of the additions to knowledge and experience. The shelter problem brought to the fore the old question of transmission of infection by air through droplets coughed or sneezed out by the infected. It was found that the atmosphere could be made bacteriologically clean by spraying into it a very finely divided spray of sodium hypochlorite: it has proved an effective barrage against germs. The most recent attempt to deal with infection in the nasal passages is by an antiseptic snuff—the snuff being one of the new chemotherapeutic drugs (*e.g.*, sulphathiazole). Old tricks turned to new uses.

MINDS are now turning eagerly towards schemes for reconstruction, and the British Medical Association has this year set up a Medical Planning Commission "to study wartime developments and their effects on the country's medical services, both present and future." Some seventy men of varying experience and opinion have been appointed, and they will meet in full session two or three times a year to discuss the detailed proposals of the various committees formed from its members. The emphasis is on the future.

Officers and Gentlemen

Of the crew of the Graf Spee, who were originally interned in Argentina, not a single officer still remains there. All of them, who were given their freedom on their word of honor not to leave the country, have returned to Germany.

—*Die Zeit*, Montevideo

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War in Europe has given impetus to the 'Indianista' renaissance

Arts and Letters in Latin America

By EUGENE JOLAS

WHILE efforts to combat Nazi-Fascist infiltration continue below the Rio Grande with increasing vigor, a creative ferment is sweeping through the southern continent. Literature and the arts are flowering in every Ibero-American republic, in spite of the malaise caused by the war. The publishing trade, especially in Mexico, Chile, Peru and Argentina, is passing through a boom period, and the plastic manifestations are vigorous in the various social strata of the principal national units. Recent reports from Argentina, for instance, state that 1,582 new titles were brought out in 1940, as against 1,090 in 1939 and 842 in 1938. Of this number 453 were accounted for by the social sciences; 289 by general literature; 266 were devoted to the applied sciences; 223 to history and geography; and university publications numbered about 250.

Literary life in Ibero-America is dominated by a neo-romantic revival in poetry. The essay, which always flourished in the southern part of the hemisphere, is making vast strides, while the novel and other manifestations of the narrative are searching for new forms in the framework of a magic realism. There has appeared, as yet, no collossus such as Yeats, or Proust, or Joyce. Esthetically, too, the general style still derives from European pioneers. But the substance of the work is American and indigenous. The writers are busy exploring the infinite variety and color of the people, the life and culture of their own continent. They seek to penetrate the ritual element of folklore, especially the grandiose beauty of primitive myths and customs. The *Indianista* renaissance, which began about twenty years ago, is growing, and this racial consciousness is a major preoccupation. The quest for a synthesis, the desire to weld together the multiple divergences across the

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many frontiers of climate and temperament, race and language, result in daring speculations that are influencing the work of the best creators in every land. In all these countries, from Mexico to Argentina, they are finding a common denominator in a radical aspiration toward a new democratic populism.

It must not be forgotten that there exist great temperamental and spiritual differences throughout the Ibero-American world. A Mexican's attitude toward life differs radically from that of the Argentine, and a Peruvian's outlook has little in common with that of the Brazilian. The climatic conditions, which are often violently changing, dominate, to a great degree, the inner state of mind. Here human geography is a factor of the first importance. Nevertheless, there is a melting pot at work among the many races in these countries. Pre-conquest Indians, Hispanic Americans, Negroes, Japanese, Chinese, Irish, Continental Europeans have mingled in these lands and are still mingling, and modern anthropologists predict the ultimate emergence of a new race. The mixture of races, Indian-Negro, Mestizo-Negro, Indian-Chinese, Portuguese-Negro, and others, is an ethnological fact that has already deeply influenced the psychic characteristics of the growing new race. Necessarily, too, this has brought with it a welding of languages. The Spanish and Portuguese languages are being constantly enriched with words and syntactical innovations from native pre-Colombian Indian languages.

Two main currents influence the formation of the Ibero-American races: the Spanish cultural tradition and the Indian heritage. The latter, originally suppressed, has emerged under the influence of the pro-Indian and mestizo intellectuals, such as José Carlos Mariateguí and Luis Valcarcel in Peru, Moisés Sáenz in Mexico. This movement, which became a powerful cultural force, *Indianismo*, places emphasis on the retention and continuation of Indian culture and handicraft, on the supremacy of pre-conquest customs and rituals, on the creative sources inherent in the new world itself. It seeks a link with the autochtonous forces. Both these tendencies have been at war for some decades, a war which was brought to emergence especially by the Mexican revolution against Diaz. In the past decade, however, the tendency to look for a common denominator seems to be gaining the upper hand. A natural blending would appear to be taking place.

NOTHING reveals this more than a trip through the tropical, temperate and glacial regions of the continent. Some years ago—in 1931, to be exact—I visited the South American countries and later Central America, from the Pacific side, in a leisurely British freighter. In Guatemala, where I stopped for two months, I felt that a new world was opening up to me. It was vastly different from Panama or Colombia and later, when I reached Mexico, the difference seemed even more pronounced. I met a number of writers and artists during this trip and was impressed by their close contact with the people. I found a sincere sympathy for the Indio's struggles, for his

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spiritual and physical pain. The writers everywhere were seeking to learn to know their environment, in order to depict the new man and his ethos. There was a spirit of creative vitalism abroad.

This inter-racial world of Ibero-America is still the principal preoccupation of the writers. Already, in 1931, I noticed a phenomenon that has not yet spent itself, but, on the contrary, is beginning to assume vast proportions. This is *la época de la plaqueta*, of the little poetic booklet. Today books and pamphlets are rolling off the presses in great streams. A new lyrical golden age is at hand. Next in point of interest is the philosophical essay—especially having to do with existential philosophy—which is followed by the narrative. The novel pursues the social vision and silhouettes human geography in a new realism.

In Mexico I met Bernardo Ortiz de Montellanos. He was, at that time, editor of the advance-guard review, *Contemporáneos*, which has since been suspended. De Montellanos is a leading Mexican poet, together with Xavier Villarutia, Manuel Maples Arce, Jaime Torres Bodet, Carlos Pellicer, Manuel M. Ponce, José Muñoz Cota. All of these men are in the neo-romantic tradition. De Montallanos recently published his new book *Cinco Horas Sin Corazón* (*Five Hours Without a Heart*) in which the romantic motif of subconscious explorations is applied with gusto. He has written little, but each volume has marked a date: *Sueños* (*Dreams*); *Himno a Hypnos* (*Hymn to Sleep*) and *Muerte de Cielo Azul* (*Death of the Blue Sky*). His new poems, which he also calls *entre-sueños* (half-dreams) are daring flights into the unconscious. Among the novelists in Mexico are to be found such men as Mariano Azuelo (*Los de Abajo*) (*The Underdogs*), Mauricio Magdalena and Bernardino Mena Brito (*Paludismo*). In the work of all these writers is to be found a preoccupation with the earth and man's labors.

Sculpture and painting continue to thrive in Mexico. It is no longer the great awakening of the *Revolutionary Union of Technical Workers, Painters and Sculptors*. In fact, some of the pioneers of this movement have left the country. Diego Rivera is in California, Jean Charlot is in New York, the Communist painter David Alfaro Siqueiros, who was in jail accused of having organized the first attempt to assassinate Trotsky, left for Chile after his release and is now en route to Soviet Russia. But Mérida and Orozco are still active. Murals are still being painted, as they were when the Madero Revolution released the creative forces of the *Indianista* consciousness. Among the talented new painters the name of Orozco Romero must be mentioned.

The interest in folklore, which was initiated by an American woman, Frances Toor, is profoundly influencing artistic and literary creation in Mexico. Her magazine, *Mexican Folkways*, has been a cultural rallying point for many years. It has made available folksongs, narratives of ancient Indian and Hispanic folk customs as well as many little-known ritualistic texts gathered throughout the country. This review, with which such men as Diego Rivera and Jean Charlot have been identified,

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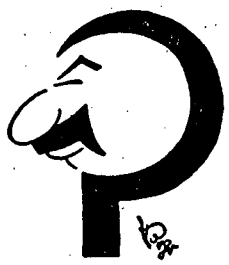
has been officially recognized as being of national importance.

The experimental theater in Mexico has made great strides in the last few decades, Since the Revolution, the interest in the people's struggle and fate became the preoccupation of the playwrights and actors, and the people's response was vigorous. The theater "Orientación" had an especially brilliant career. It became a school for actors and directors. There are many other groups scattered throughout the nation, and the esthetic and sociological discussions have been extremely stimulating to the students of contemporary drama.



—*World Review*, London

Numerous reviews pullulate in Mexico and add to the dynamics of the cultural treasure. Among them may be mentioned: *Revista Ibero-Americana*, published by the universities of Seattle, Wash., and Mexico City, with contributors like Carlos Prada, Juan Ramón Jiménez, Cesar Barja; *Tierra Nueva* which publishes Mexican and foreign writers like Antonio Caso, Manuel Cabrera, Alfonso Reyes and Ali Chumacero, and others of equal interest.

In Guatemala and other Central American countries, where the popular art is essentially one of handicrafts, there is an intellectual fermentation as well. Guatemala City is the home of Miguel Angel Asturias whose *Leyendas de Guatemala* is a literary monument. These are stories of his picturesque homeland, fantastic tales set against a Mayan background, for Asturias has Mayan blood in his veins. Indeed, he seemed to me to resemble an ancestral Mayan deity when I met him some years back. In San José (Costa Rica), J. Garcia Monge edits a review of the advance-guard, *Repertorio Americano* (*Semanario de Cultura Hispánica*), which publishes work by Central American and Caribbean writers. This is an especially well-edited magazine containing poetic work by Mejía Robledo of Costa Rica and Alexandro Manrico Campio of Peru; chronicles by Emilia Rieto, Juan Marín, Alicia Castro Argüello, Mario Santa Cruz, Fernando Luján, Eduardo Ines González. *Repertorio Americano* is a stimulating magazine that deals with esoteric and philosophical subjects as well as with literature. The well-known Spanish poet, Rafael Alberti, last heard from in May from Costa Rica, recently made a tour of Latin America and is preparing a book on his experiences. Alberti fled Spain after the Franco Government put a price on his head.

THE old world *Hispanismo* of Chile has safe-guarded the purity of its culture. The melancholy strain that runs through the national temperament is due to conditions of climate as well as to the volcanic nature of the land. These influences are reflected in the

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work of the writers, which is marked by a fierce humanism, *el grito de la fraternidad* (the call for fraternity). Pablo Neruda is doubtless the greatest of contemporary Chilean poets. His work, which has been translated into many languages, possesses a Whitmanesque feeling for human solidarity and achieves a lyrical contact with the violent nature of the country. Vincente Huidobro, another leading poet, is bilingual. I knew Huidobro in Paris in the 1920's, when he was writing modernistic poems in French that constituted his participation in the insurgent literary manifestations of Dada and surrealism. Huidobro returned to Santiago in 1930 and began to write in Spanish again. A convinced anti-Fascist, like Neruda, he has been prominent in the ranks of the poetic opposition. Among the better-known novelists of Chile, the names of Ruben Azocar and Maria Luisa Bombal may be mentioned.

PERU lost its leading writer and essayist, Carlos Mariateguí several years ago. He edited *Amanta*, a revolutionary magazine which divided its interest between *Indianista* folklore and the activities of the new poets and artists. His essays, in which an American type of Marxism predominated, are among the most stimulating expressions of his humanitarian genius. Among Peru's best novelists is Ciro Alegria, who wrote *La Serpiente de Oro* (*The Golden Snake*). Among the poets may be mentioned Xavier Abril and Abraham Arias Larreta.

Argentina is celebrating today a literary and artistic renaissance that promises a new golden age. It is fortunate in the possession of a centralizing agency constituted by the review *Sur* which is edited by the brilliant Victoria Ocampo. Waldo Frank, whose work has frequently appeared in translation below the border, and who has a marked influence on the new writers of these countries, regards this review as the best anywhere. *Sur* tries to present the most significant work of all South America; it was also a bridge to the Europe that is now immersed in the black-out. Its list of contributors ranges from Jorge Luis Borges, Leopoldo Marechal, Francisco Luiz Bernárdez, Silvina Ocampo, Salvador de Madariaga, Carlos Alberti Erro, to such European spirits as Paul Valéry, Jean Paulhan, Franz Werfel, André Breton and others. Borges, Bernárdez, Marechal are among the better native poets who are published in *Sur*. A number of French refugee writers such as Georges Bernanos and Roger Caillois contribute their share to the intensely alive atmosphere of Buenos Aires.

The novelists who have emerged in recent years show an increasing interest and love for the people and their landscape. Roberto Artl, Eduardo Mallea, Jorge Luis Borges, Morel Adolfo Cesares present in their novels a daring panorama of Argentine life. A moving novel *Gente sin Suelo* (*People Without Soil*) by Clemente Cimorra should not be neglected. Cimorra is a Spanish refugee writer who attempts to present a grandiose frescoe of the Spanish tragedy.

There are women poets of interest in Argentina. Maria Alicia Domínguez,

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Silvina Ocampo, Norah Borges, Clementina Azlor and, especially, the village school teacher, Ida Réboli, have conquered a prominent place in lyric poetry.

José R. Destéfano, who just published *Cánticos de la Muerte* at Buenos Aires, gives apocalyptic images in grandiose verses that seem to have gone through the school of surrealism. Rimbaud and Eluard are the sources of his delirious lyrics.

The Argentine essayists have long been recognized as important explorers of the spirit. Chief among these Carlos Alberti Erro.

The interest in North American literature is profound and intelligent. Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* recently republished in Buenos Aires was the occasion of a remarkable critical reception. Argentine critics analyzed it with perspicacious insight and agreed that the North American novel occupies a first place in the world today.

There are numberless reviews scattered throughout the various republics. *Claridad, American Tribune for Free Thought*, edited by Antonio Zamora, appears in Buenos Aires, and devotes its pages to esthetic essays on Picasso, James Joyce, Martí, as well as to sociological subjects dealing with the Latin-American world. Other reviews are: *Nosotros*; under the direction of Alfredo A. Bianchi and Roberto F. Giusti, published at Buenos Aires; *Revista Bimestre Cubana* directed by Fernando Ortiz; *Atenea*, published at Concepción, Chile; *Revista Nacional de Cultura*, under José Nucete-Sardi, at Caracas, Venezuelas, and many others, particularly university magazines of great cultural value.

THERE are a great many other novelists and poets scattered throughout the South American continent. Each, in his own way, contributes to the aspiration towards spiritual unity which is one of the most cherished desires of the writing clan in those countries. In Ecuador, Jorge Icaza has emerged with a powerful novel *Huasipungo*, which even had a good sale. In Venezuela there is Uslar Pietri, who wrote *Las Lanzas Coloradas* (*Red Spears*). Perez Cabral's novel *Jengibre* recently published in Caracas presents the dour life of the Negro workers and reveals a powerful epic talent.

Uruguay's most prominent poet is Gaston Figueira, who has just published his *Geografía Poética de America*, an attempt to present synthetically the human struggle of the races on the South American Continent. This is permeated with the vision of *unidad americana*. Blanca Luz Brum, whose very human poems with socialist leanings are so moving, also lives in Uruguay. The poetry of the Bolivian visionary, Avila Jiménez, especially his *Cronos*, attempts to weld Indianista and Hispanic motifs into an organic whole. M. A. Puga recently published *3 Poemas Civiles*, in which the rebel cry against political tyranny and oppression resounds in strong accents. This social consciousness also is found in *Kollasuyu*, poems by Emilio Vázquez. The twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of the Nicaraguan poet Rubén Darío elicited numberless essays in the reviews of the Spanish-American

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countries. Revaluations of his position in the literary history of Latin-America appeared. Some of them—like that of Luis Alberto Sánchez in his essay, "Balance and Liquidation of 1900"—refused to join in the homage to the poet and criticized the poet's work from the standpoint of the modernist orientation.

Victor Llona, a native Peruvian, who lived for several decades in Paris, writing in French, has recently returned to Lima. He has written a number of interesting articles in Spanish on the work of the late James Joyce who was his friend in the French capital.

But unfortunately we know relatively little of Bolivian poetry. The recently published *Poetas Jóvenes de Bolivia* under the direction of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by Guillermo Viscarra F. simply adds to the confusion. It is badly edited and does not add anything to our knowledge of Bolivian poetry.

In the vast inter-racial crucible of Brazil, where Afro-Creole, Indian, Portuguese, Italian, French, German and other races live side by side, the literary and artistic life goes on in close association with the ethnic complex. Novelists and poets like Jorge Faleiros, Padua de Almeida, and essayists like Eurialo Canabroa, Guirrido Torres and Mario Vieira de Melo are making important contributions to the creative heritage. Tasso de Silveira edits from Rio de Janeiro his review *Cadernos Da Hora Presente* (*Records of the Present Hour*) which gathers the more essential forces of cultural Brazilian life together. The composer, Heitor Villa Lobos, continues his musical innovations in the operatic and choral mediums. His work is also well known in the United States. Although there is an official indifference to the folklore sources of the country, the primitive mentality is, nevertheless, influencing creative activity. I have been told that the official world of Brazil looks askance at Miss Elsie Houston's presentations of *Macumba*, or African and Mestizo folk music, which it is said to consider as being too limited in its interpretation of the national spirit. It cannot be denied, however, that her contribution is a highly significant one.

THE Afro-Creole element in Latin-American life is everywhere in evidence. The West Indian tropics possess a distinct character of their own in which the African elements mingle with the Hispanic ones. In Puerto Rico, Luis Palés Matos writes *Tuntún De Pasa y Grifería, poemas afroantillanos*, in which the Negro rhythm is mingled with Spanish words and vice versa. He tries to invent new composite words to express the primitive soul. The same thing applies to Cuba where *jitanjáforas* are playing a great role in lyric poetry. Drum beats are translated into poetry. These phrases are untranslatable, since they really have no logical meaning. They are merely rhythmic sounds to express ritual movement, a combination of pre-Columbian Indian with aboriginal African incantations. The *bongo*, a feature of Afro-Cuban orchestras, can be heard in the meters of such poets as Guillén, Ballagas, Giran and others. The famous Mexican

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poet, Alfonso Reyes, gave this tendency the onomatopoetic name of *jitanjáfora*. Augusto Malaret and Luis Florens Torrens also use this form occasionally.

Cuba is extremely rich in its literary life. Its greatest poet is probably Mariano Brull, but there are others; Renée Potts, Amparo Rodríguez Vidal and Isabel Alvarez. Its novelists, who deal principally with the underworld, are Novas Calvo and Enrique Sierpo. It has a plethora of remarkable essayists such as: Juan Marinello, Jorge Mañach, Felix Lizaso, Jorge Ichaso and Alejo Carpentier. Cuba has also extended its hospitality to many anti-Fascist Spanish writers. These men publish a review of their own, *Nuestra España*, and the poet Manuel Altolaguirre is its director.

The death during the Spanish Civil War of Pablo de la Torriente-Brau, author of *Aventuras del Soldado Desconocido Cuban* (*Adventures of the Unknown Cuban Soldier*) deprived Cuban letters of a brilliant promise in creative literature. His humor and irony and sometimes his acid violence against injustice lend a special note to his style.

The American film has completely captured the entire hemisphere. The inroads of the American language—already noted in the Hispanic versions of *futbol* and *beisbol*—are familiarizing millions of our Southern neighbors with the vocabulary of our rich American speech. The *estrellas* (stars) of Hollywood are as well known in Buenos Aires, Lima, Rio de Janeiro and in the smallest town of the provinces as in our own United States. Certain Hollywood deformations of South American national characteristics have caused resentment, but attempts are now being made by our movie producers to correct this. The very existence of the films tends to build a bridge with the Southern world. In Mexico, Argentina and Brazil, native screen producers have recently made films that use the language, and their success, in many cases, has been marked.

The great Mexican educator, José Vasconcelos, once declared: "Latin America is the home of the cosmic race." There is no doubt but that a huge fermentation of cultural-creative values is taking place in our neighboring continent. We may be confident that this world of racial and democratic equality—the antithesis of Hitler's grotesquely stupid "racism"—will add brilliant new chapters to the arts of our hemisphere.

Nightmares, Up-to-Date

A questionnaire circulated among 250 children of one London district revealed that the majority of their dreams, nowadays, are of aerial attacks or of evacuation into fabulous and enchanting places. Twenty had seen German parachutists in their nightmares, but only nine still dreamed prosaically of robbers, lions and ghosts.

—*Le Jour*, Montreal

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Revolution in the Reich

Die Zeit, El Tiempo, Montevideo, Organ of the Followers of Otto Strasser

A REVOLUTION in the Third Reich is not only within the realm of possibility but anyone acquainted with internal political conditions in Germany must conclude that it is inevitable and unavoidable.

With this forthcoming revolution before its eyes, the Free Germany movement, led by Otto Strasser, has undertaken the work of accelerating its development. Many to whom Germany's fate is as near their hearts as it is to ours, will ask skeptically how this can be accomplished. No single group among the Germans opposed to Hitler has done so much intensive work, has so many adherents in the various administrative bodies and among the officers of the Storm Troops and the S. S. Élite Guard, in the Army and in all branches of the National Socialist organization as the "Black Front" which Dr. Strasser has created in opposition to the Nazi party. This group has, of course, joined the Free Germany movement in a body, and even Goebbels admits that Dr. Strasser is the man who is most dangerous to the Nazis. Fifth columnists argue that Dr. Strasser may be an enemy of Hitler —which they magnanimously admit— but that otherwise he himself is a Nazi. An enemy of Hitler can never be a Nazi. A Nazi belongs, for better or worse, to Hitler. But the groups which are united in the Free Germany movement are not concerned with personal divergences. They are guided by their great responsibility.

We who have placed ourselves at the service of the movement for an unselfish struggle, know that we can do only the preparatory labor. We can work to further the German Revolution which will sweep away Hitlerism, but the Revolution itself will come from the fighters in the Reich. Their hands are still tied, and it is our mission to remove the fetters so that they can act.

Because of this responsibility, the Free Germany movement refuses to submit a definite program. Programs are binding, and it is impossible to bind Germany without consulting the fighters within the Reich, who have a right to co-operate in the constitution of a New Germany. Therefore, the Free Germany movement has laid down only the general outlines of its trends and aspirations, but those outlines are sufficiently sharp to enable every sincere democratic opponent of Hitler—Catholics, Protestants and members of all former party organizations with the exception of the Nazis and Communists—to co-operate. In view of the danger that threatens, everything must be eliminated that could divide us. There can be only one slogan: "Down with Hitlerism."

Our responsibility, however, goes much further. The will to fight Hitler

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which now exists in Germany must be expressed clearly and publicly. The German opposition living abroad must raise its voice in the name also of the fighters in Germany and in their name inform the world day after day that Hitler is not Germany; that Free Germans repudiate nazism with all its violence and its plans for ruling the world; that we recognize the right of each nation to self-determination and will attempt to repair the wrongs done to other states and nations by the Third Reich; and, finally, that the Free German movement considers itself a member of the great Freedom Front of so many peoples, led by England.

We Free Germans cannot wait until some external circumstance, such as a military defeat, breaks the power of nazism. In such an event the action of the fighters within the Reich would come too late and the resulting injury to Germany would be beyond repair.

Through the B.B.C. broadcasts from London, the organization of the Free German movement under Dr. Strasser has been spread over Germany, and the impression it has made on the fighters there is of a ray of light in the darkness. Their thoughts and their hopes are turned toward us.

•

(Editor's Note: It may be noted that the foregoing opinion that revolution is "inevitable and unavoidable" in Germany is not shared by a large part of informed British opinion nor by most American correspondents who have been in the Reich in recent weeks. The consensus, even outside the Axis Powers, seems to be that while revolution is always possible, it is not within the predictable future.)

No Signs of German Revolt

There has never been any enthusiasm for war in Germany, the only exception, perhaps, being in Nazi party circles. But the victories which Hitler has been able to achieve in a relatively short time have increased the confidence of the nation in its leader. It must be said that so far Hitler never has made a mistake and that he has triumphed over the councillors who warned against the audacity of his plans. During the last World War, unsuccessful military campaigns weakened the morale of the hinterland, which reacted upon the troops. So far, no setback to Germany's prowess has jolted the popular imagination. Even if a certain lassitude should manifest itself from time to time—after so many years of tension—it would be absurd to dream of an internal breakdown in Germany. A revolution in Hitler's Reich must be preceded by a military debacle.

—*Journal de Génève*, Geneva

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A Moscow estimate is that these 'imperialist rivals' must collide

Japan - U. S. War Seen by Soviets

CONFLICT IS INEVITABLE

By Y. VICTOROFF

Novy Mir, Moscow

HERE in the Soviet Union we know that a fight to the death is under way between the German-Italian bloc and Britain. In the background of that mortal conflict looms the growing power of the United States. Meanwhile, Japanese imperialism is seeking to exploit a situation in which the United States has its hands full in lending aid to Britain, and thus her interests at this time are more in her Atlantic policy than in the ocean on the west.

But, as concerns the Pacific, whatever the preoccupations of the United States in the European war, a tense and complex situation is developing in the Far East. There is an acute sharpening in the relations between those two imperialist powers, Japan and the United States. And today these two imperialist rivals are preparing for a head-on collision.

The hesitation that marked Japan's policy in the period immediately before her intrusion into French Indo-China was the result of something more than her domestic situation or the progress of the war in China. The chief reason for her vacillation was the position and policy of the United States.

It must be remembered that Japan is dependent upon the outside world for her strategic war materials, chief among them oil, cotton, rubber and scrap iron. The major source of supply for Tokyo of these war essentials is the United States. Now, the truth is that both the United States and Britain have in secret supported Japan's expansionist program, despite their loud cries of sympathy for China. By their clandestine support, Washington and London calculated that they would make Japan totally dependent upon them, and by so doing be able to safe-

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guard their respective interests in the Far East. With an eye to the gale blowing up in Europe, in January 1940 the United States exerted pressure on Japan by serving notice of the abrogation of her commercial treaty with Tokyo, which went into effect twelve months later, and more recently the American export of oil and scrap iron was put under license, which was also a reprimand to Japan. Another reason for this last move was, of course, that the United States wanted to have available for herself weapons for use at any given moment.

The intrusion of Japan into Indo-China was the first indication of Japan's decision to realize her program of expansion to the south, even at the risk of economic retaliation from the United States. There is no question that one of the reasons for the acceleration of this expansion was the Anglo-American conversations on co-operation in the Pacific. Japan seeks to obtain in advance the most favorable strategic position for the coming fierce struggle. For the possession of French Indo-China, in spite of its strategic and economic value, does not decide the mastery of the Pacific. The main booty is in the islands of the South Seas, in the Netherlands Indies and Malaya with their riches of petroleum, tin, rubber, etc. The Japanese understand perfectly that with the Singapore base in the hands of the American Navy, the advantage would be with the enemy.

The development of the present imperialistic war has revealed all the depth and complexity of imperialist contradictions. The break-up of the Anglo-French bloc and the defeat of France proved to be not the end of the war but the beginning of a new and more prolonged conflict. Germany has considerably strengthened her position in the past year but has not solved her basic problem. Thus, the stage has been set for a new struggle for mastery of the Pacific.

War in the Pacific Unlikely—Another View

By Walker Matheson

AS THE United States moves ever nearer to war with Germany, many Far Eastern observers are convinced that a simultaneous war with Japan in the Pacific makes the odds for an American victory too even for safe betting.

It is not alone merely a group of isolationists and appeasers who say this. Rather, it is the hard-headed realists who see it in the fact that, since many units of the Pacific fleet have quietly been shifted to the Atlantic, our Navy may not be strong enough to fight a two-ocean war.

In the past month, as war talk increased on both sides of the Pacific, a national magazine had the Columbia Survey of Washington, D. C., conduct a poll which revealed that only 15 per cent of Congress thought that the United States would go to war with

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Japan, while 73 per cent denied that any such move might be made. Six per cent thought war was probable, another 6 per cent refused to comment and only 16 per cent set a probable date—10 per cent picked July 1, and 6 per cent thought war might break out in October. The other 84 per cent would not even hazard a guess.

This feeling in Congress bolsters the fact that neither the United States nor Japan wants a war. This has been made plain on several occasions when both Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Premier Prince Konoye declared, in almost the exact language, that there really were no differences between the two great Pacific powers that could not be settled amicably around a conference table. But just how much either nation would have to give in to the other apparently is the stumbling block in the way of calling such a conference.

Apparently the only country that sincerely does wish for war between the United States and Japan is Soviet Russia, with Moscow holding firm to the belief that World War II means self-destruction of capitalism and that the world revolution has its largest aspects in the Pacific—China, India, the Netherlands East Indies and the Philippine Islands.

The Soviet has, in fact, been battling capitalism in the Far East ever since 1923 when it engineered serious boycotts among the Chinese against Britain, the United States and Japan, with further urgings that the Chinese demand the return of their territories held by the capitalist powers, with the final intention of driving the white man out of Asia.

Concerning the program of restoring China to the Chinese, neither China or Japan are overly impressed by the concrete expression of good will stated by Secretary Hull in his promise to move for the relinquishment of American extraterritorial rights in China—when the Sino-Japanese war is over. Japan is convinced there is no place in Asia now for Occidentals in the New Order; therefore, Washington's move for an extraterritoriality about-face in China is no great concession, as Chiang Kai-shek had long ago made a pledge to his countrymen that foreigners must move out in the first place and, in fact, before the Sino-Japanese war, Chiang forced Great Britain to give up several of her concessions.

NEVERTHELESS, British impotence in the Pacific, plus the isolationist ideas of some parts of the United States, together with fear here of a two-ocean war, has placed a trump card in the Soviet's game against both Washington and Tokyo. While there was cordiality between Washington and Moscow in 1936-38, due to the aid both countries gave to Chiang, the feeling between the two has now cooled. As in Spain, Moscow was aiding a weak revolutionary people but not so incautiously as to provoke war against the Soviet or influence an anti-Communist revulsion, Finland to the contrary.

Moscow's policy now parallels that of Washington against Japan, biding the Soviet's time for a show-down, the recent Russo-Japanese neutrality pact notwithstanding. The Soviet knows very well that it can stage a blitzkrieg against Japan very easily, for it re-

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quires only three hours from Vladivostok for bombers to appear over Tokyo, Kobe and Osaka, while submarines and mines could bottle up the merchant fleet. The fighting line would range from Kamchatka to Tibet, with Manchukuo the most likely large-scale battleground.

Early in June, Hallett Abend revealed in the *New York Times* that, since April, Japan had been attempting to induce the United States to conclude a neutrality and non-aggression pact with Tokyo similar to that concluded between Tokyo and Moscow. The Japanese attempt to affect a form of rapprochement with the United States aroused lively speculation in Washington, with particular interest centered around what bearing such a pact would have on Japan's adherence to the Rome-Berlin Axis. The Axis pact signed in September, 1940, bound Japan to go to the assistance of Germany or Italy if either were attacked by a third power not engaged in hostilities with the Axis at the date of signing. Washington interpreted the pact as binding Japan to make war upon the United States if America became involved in the hostilities with Germany and Italy.

Yet, it has long been conceded that Japan has been seeking an escape clause, with the probability that Tokyo has found it in the term "attack": that is, if Germany were to sink a United States patrol ship, and if war were to result, Japan might legalistically plead she is not obligated to fight the United States since it would have been Germany that attacked the United States.

The Washington negotiations were reliably reported to consist of a duplication of the Tokyo-Moscow accord signed on April 13, 1941, with special emphasis on the following points:

> Article I—Both contracting parties undertake to maintain peaceful and friendly relations between them and mutually respect the territorial integrity and inviolability of the other contracting party.
>
> Article II—Should one of the contracting parties become the object of hostilities on the part of one or several third powers, the other contracting party will observe neutrality throughout the duration of the conflict.

Apparently the Japanese-American talks were scented out prematurely by news men, because the White House was quick to deny that such a vital topic had been broached by Japanese Ambassador Admiral Nomura to Secretary of State Hull. The President, however, did admit that there had been a number of "talks."

IF THERE was truth in the news reports, observers in Washington expressed the opinion that they meant that either Foreign Minister Matsuoka and Premier Konoye were ready to scuttle their Axis agreement, or that Japan was trying to lull the United States into a false sense of security, by concluding a pact that is meaningless. As Abend put it:

"Translated into working world politics, in view of the present international situation, the agreement that Admiral Nomura is seeking to negotiate

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would bind Japan not to attack the United States if this country should become involved in war with Germany and Italy. The obligation would be absolute and would not hinge on any interpretation of the words 'attacked' or 'attacker'.

"Conversely, if the United States were to sign such a pact with Japan, this country would be in honor bound not to fight Japan if she became involved in war with Britain or with the Netherlands. In practical terms this would leave Japan free to attack Singapore or to seize the Netherlands Indies without fear of United States intervention either to protect those areas or to protect this country's own vital sources of supply for rubber and tin, for which it looks almost exclusively to Malaya and the Netherlands Indies."

Reactions to the reports out of Washington immediately echoed back from both Tokyo and Moscow. Foreign Minister Matsuoka, in a series of interviews insisted that Japan was irrevocably tied to the Axis, and that if the United States went to war with Germany it would mean war with Japan as well.

From Moscow came evident words of complete satisfaction that any secret deals with Japan and the United States had fallen through, and the Russian press came out flat-footedly with the statement that Japan not only expects to fight for the Pacific before the end of 1942, but is eager to do so. Such a battle, of course, would be Moscow's cue to move into China, take over some of the northern Japanese Islands and possibly take on Japan herself.

Nor have Japan's feelings toward the United States been made any friendlier by President Roosevelt's fireside chat of May 27 when—although not mentioning Japan and causing the Tokyo stock market to boom—he made it very clear that he considered China a full-fledged partner in the Washington-London Axis in the fight for democracy.

THE further announcement that American army pilots and mechanics would be allowed to resign to enter the Chinese air force, was also considered, in the words of Koh Ishii, chief Government spokesman, "evidence of an unfriendly attitude toward Japan." This "unfriendliness" was further enhanced by the announcement from Chungking that it has received the first shipments of $100,000,000 worth of American war supplies. As a matter of fact, American aid to China has stirred much ill will in Japan, with Tokyo considering United States' support to Chiang Kai-shek as prolonging the war for at least the past two years —an adaptation of the old British policy of "divide and rule."

But even more bitter is the feeling in North China, where Wang Ching-wei has established a new government based on what he calls "most honorable" terms from Japan. When the writer was in China this Spring, the Wang Ching-wei régime was cynically repeating the anti-British cry of some of the French in the first and second World Wars—that the United States was fighting Japan until the last Chinaman died.

More recently the *Central China Daily News*, of Shanghai, the official organ of the Nanking government, de-

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clared that American actions were "dictated by desire to take over British Empire possessions in the Atlantic and finally to inherit John Bull's position in the world." The paper continued by saying that if the United States is really fighting for democracy it was curious that it should withhold its support from France, the birthplace of democratic ideas. The conclusion to be drawn, said the *News*, was that the real aim of the United States was to establish its own predominance alike in the Atlantic and Pacific and that there could be no other motive for American intervention in the present war.

THERE is no doubt that both Washington and Tokyo are cognizant of the fact that Russia is not only eyeing rich plums in Europe, after capitalism slaughters itself, but is poised to plunge into the Far East as well, and that the tremendous crisis which the world is facing today must inevitably end either in destruction of modern civilization or in the establishment of some kind of a new world order.

When Senator Pepper of Florida declares, "Give us American fliers and 50 American planes, and we will blow Tokyo off the map," this is answered by the Japanese army organ *Sin Shun Pao*, published in Shanghai, which says editorially:

"The Japanese navy now is strong enough not only to blockade the China coasts in order to realize the new order, but can shoulder the responsibility of building up the new world order and stabilizing the Pacific.

"Should war break out in the Pacific, the Japanese navy will have a chance to show off its magnificent strength. The Japanese navy has not been used since the Russo-Japanese war . . . it is childish to believe that Anglo-American collaboration in the Pacific could stem the Japanese southward expansion and actions to be taken by the navy doubtless will live up to our expectations."

Then again, Rear Admiral Gumpei Sekine writes in the *Japan Times:*

"Britain is certainly on the brink of collapse. And the day will come soon when the British Isles will come under control of the German landing forces.

"In that case, the British Government will have either to capitulate or flee to Canada. Judging from recent developments, Britain will never capitulate and will continue resistance in Canada. For the purpose, a mutual defense pact may be under negotiation between the United States and Canada and a new amity pact between the United States, Canada, New Zealand and Australia.

"Britain would flee to Canada not to maintain her former leading position in the world, but merely to survive the German onslaught. The British flight may mean to Britain an Anglo-American union but it means for United States the annexation to it of Britain. The result will be a new American Empire which almost surrounds the Pacific Ocean, with a naval force more than twice as large as Japan's.

"India, the South Sea Islands and Australia are the sources for declining Britain's cherished material resources. Zinc and rubber so needed by the United States are produced in British-

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owned South Sea territory. In fact, they are tempting enough to induce the United States to go to war with the Axis.

"But if the British fleet, which absorbed more than 200 French warcraft after the French capitulation, is offered for United States' disposal, the U. S. Navy will be sufficient to protect territories that may be newly acquired. When the British Government flees to Canada, the Singapore naval base constructed after more than twenty years' work and at a great cost will be available for the U. S. Navy.

"The new American Empire will include North and South America, Australia and South Asia. One look at the world map will convince one that the old Europe will fall under the rule of Germany, Italy and the Soviet Union while a new American Empire will be created on the borders of the Pacific. Wedged between the two spheres of influence is the Japan-Manchukuo-China bloc.

"Faithful to this first principle in strategy, the United States will assume a defensive stand in the Atlantic and start an offensive in the Pacific, because she has no foothold in the Atlantic to attack the Axis. That the United States should shake hands in the Pacific with Soviet Russia and China is a prerequisite for attacking Germany and Italy.

"Germany, Italy and the Soviet Union, on the other hand, will find continuation of their present relations mutually beneficial. Both Germany and Italy will find close co-operation with Japan very desirable, since Japan with her great naval force is the only power which can prevent British territory in the South Seas from being transferred to the United States and which can prevent the war from dragging into a prolonged strife.

"The United States undoubtedly wants South America and the South Sea Islands in order to subdue Japan, Germany and Italy. It is hoped that Japan, Germany, Italy, the Soviet Union, and China will awake to their common interests and work out effective measures to protect themselves."

ADMIRAL Sekine's vivid imaginings of a Nazi-Fascist-Communist Europe, a Japanese-dominated East Asia, and a breath-taking American Empire do not offer a very rosy opportunity for Russia in Asia and gives her a minor role in Europe. In short, his thesis could not be at all acceptable to the Kremlin.

Offsetting the Admiral by a more dire prediction, and just in the reverse, is the book by Kyatsu Sato, *A Japanese-American War Is Imminent*, part of the argument of which is digested as follows:

"When and where a Japanese-American war will be fought we cannot say. No matter from what motives hostilities may come to be opened, or whether we assume the offensive or the defensive, there can be no doubt that Hawaii will be the most important strategic point in a war between America and Japan.

"Success or failure in the struggle for this strategic point will prove a decisive factor. With the Hawaiian Islands as her base of operations, America could bomb Tokyo or Osaka with-

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out much difficulty, provided she uses planes and airships of superior quality.

"While Hawaii is an American possession, Japan would have to remain on the defensive. But if Japan occupies the islands, her fleet would find itself in a position not only to assume the offensive, but also to bomb the cities on the west coast of America.

"In a war with America, therefore, we must at all costs, even at the sacrifice of a few vessels, take possession of Hawaii. The distance between Hawaii and the American continent is less than that between the islands and Japan. This would mean that at the outbreak of hostilities the American fleet or fleets or warships would be able to get to the islands before the Japanese, insofar as both fleets have the same speed. For this reason our navy must possess ships far speedier than those of America.

"If the Japanese Navy succeeded in crushing the American fleet in the Pacific, landing on the Pacific coast of America would be easy.

"At the same time the Panama Canal must be destroyed, as the maintenance of traffic through it would facilitate supplies to the American Navy.

"Attacks should be made on the canal by an effective air fleet. The destruction of the canal and the American Fleet would literally be half the battle. Thus would end the second period of the war.

"The third period would begin with a landing of Japanese forces on the western coast of the American continent and the work of destroying the cities and naval ports in the West.

"The next course would be to form the main line of defense along the Rocky Mountains so that our military troops might be massed in the occupied areas along the coast.

"Preparations made west of the Rockies, our army would now take the offensive and advance toward the east coast. This would usher in the fourth and the last period of the war.

"Each period would probably last one or two years; the third and the fourth periods would last the longest. Thus the war would last at least six or seven years; it might even last longer. If and when Japan, forestalled by America, finds it impossible to occupy Hawaii, her navy would see the wisdom of deferring a decisive battle with the Americans ships till full preparations were completed."

FANTASTIC as these two theories may seem, they are indicative of how many think in Japan and what the people there are being told. The same can be said for the arm-chair admirals and the military theorists in this country.

It cannot be disputed that there are two sparks which an ill wind may fan into flame in the Pacific: over-zealous aid to China in the form of fliers and planes to bomb Japan proper, or a complete stoppage of Japanese access to vital supplies in the Netherlands East Indies.

With peace talk, or hopes of peace, scant as they may seem, being expressed on both sides of the Pacific in the press and among statesmen, there can be little for Moscow to gloat over —for some time at least.

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Despite their cry for 'living space,' the Nazis cannot populate Warthegau

German Poland Lacks Colonists

France, Organ of the 'Free French,' London

THE difficulties of the Germans in colonizing conquered Poland refute their claims that their need for *Lebensraum* is one justification for the "New Order" in Europe.

As is well-known, German-occupied Poland has been divided into two parts: one, the "General Government," a vassal state whose juridical status is still undetermined, a sort of ghetto to which all Poles were to be transferred, and the other another province of the Reich itself to be colonized by the much-publicized "people without living space." The Poles were to move out *en masse* to make room for the German colonists, and the *gauleiter* of the new province, called Warthegau, Arthur Greiser (the notorious former president of Danzig), announced at the end of 1939 that this would be accomplished in two years time. The ruthlessness with which the denationalization of this territory was undertaken shows the seriousness of the intention. All Poles living in Gdynia were expelled within twenty-four hours. In other cities, like Poznan and Kalisz, the process was more gradual, but the aim was the same: destruction of all Polish elements. Property owners were expropriated immediately, naturally without indemnity, and expropriation of the peasants was begun. All these Poles were sent to the General Government, their places to be taken by Germans. Many died of hunger and cold in the sealed railway cars in which they were transported, and that there was no room in the already over-populated General Government district for those who survived did not bother the Nazis.

Finding colonists for Warthegau presented more serious difficulties. The population of the annexed territory had been 10,250,000, of whom 644,000 were Germans. The Germans of Volhynia, Bessarabia, Latvia and Esthonia whom Hitler transported to Po-

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land did not number more than about 200,000. A project for transplanting South Germans, which was discussed in the Nazi press early in 1940, was abandoned, undoubtedly because of the resistance of the Bavarian peasants. So it became apparent that the removal of all Poles would turn this vast territory into an uninhabited waste; Gdynia, where the plan was applied to the letter, today has no more than 13,000 inhabitants instead of its former 100,000. In Kalisz, where it was partially carried out, the population fell from 83,000 to 46,000.

SO, after expelling 1,000,000 Poles, the Nazis were forced to call a halt. At present they are satisfied with confiiscating flourishing business enterprises or prosperous farms for transfer to Germans. But, in principle, small peasants are left on their land, small shopkeepers in their stores, and some Poles are permitted to work in the less desirable jobs. The Nazis have also decided that Poland was formerly overpopulated. They have begun to plant trees on arable land which formerly supported Polish peasants. Thus do the people who need *Lebensraum* admit that they do not know what to do with it when they acquire it.

This does not mean that Hitler has abandoned his plan to make this a "German land," but he has been compelled to lay aside his race theories and adopt a policy of Germanization of the Poles who are already there. This new policy has three different manifestations.

First, all Poles inhabiting certain districts, as in the neighborhood of Danzig and Upper Silesia, have been proclaimed officially to have been "influenced by German culture" and are, therefore, to be considered Germans.

Next, the new German laws concerning nationality have been so edited that almost every Pole who wishes can have himself declared a German and thus escape the discriminations to which Poles are subject. Almost none has taken advantage of this.

Finally, children between the ages of five and ten have been taken to Germany to be brought up in Hitler youth camps.

But the Germans realize the inadequacy of this policy. Greiser no longer promises his Führer that in two years there will be no more Poles in the territory which he rules. He promises only that within ten years there will be not one Pole left who can do more than read a German newspaper and do simple addition. "Thus," he says, "the Poles will not constitute any danger to Germany."

That many Germans are worrying about the future appears from what the new arrivals tell their Polish neighbors: "Remember, I did not come of my own free will. I was forced to come here. As soon as the War is over, I will return what was given me, to the legitimate owner. Do not forget that, and don't take revenge on me when the day of reckoning comes."

(Editor's Note:The foregoing article omits reference to a probable contributing factor to the difficulty of colonizing German Poland: the number of men in the German armies, often estimated at six million.)

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PALO ALTO
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To survive the peace, it must face new problems with realism, in the view of one laywoman

The Church in War's Aftermath

By DOROTHY L. SAYERS

World Review, London Topical Monthly

IT is not yet clear what the "New Age" of the world is going to be like. But however it may turn out, the Church's duty toward it will be one and the same, namely, to bear resolute and incorruptible witness against it.

This is the business of the Church in every age, no matter how enlightened. Indeed, the greater the enlightenment the more vigorously must the Church protest, not merely against the open vices of the age but against the dangerous development of its virtues. That the world can be saved by its own righteousness is the old, pathetic pagan fallacy that has brought civilization after civilization crashing into ruin at the very moment when it had enthusiastically proclaimed the triumph of its new order and the establishment by law of perpetual peace and security.

The astringent but salutary truth, which the Christian Church is called upon to uphold in the face of all builders of earthly paradises, is that every human good contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and that the Kingdom of Heaven is not of this world.

The primary delusion of the enlightened pagan is an incurable optimism about human nature. He is persudaded that there is nothing intrinsically wrong with man, and that if only his exterior circumstances could be satisfactorily adjusted he would settle down in peace and security to be as good and happy as the day is long. Admittedly, things *now* are not all they should be: sometimes the enlightened pagan imagines that the Golden Age lies in the past, and that man need only make an effort to return to it—sometimes, that it lies somewhere in the future, and that he has only to evolve and educate himself toward it. There was jam yes-

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terday, or there will be jam to-morrow; in the meantime he trots along with the delectable thing slung before his nose, in the wistful hope that if he goes fast enough he may succeed in overtaking to-morrow or catching up with yesterday. When he has done that he will, he thinks, be able to sit down and eat his jam for ever.

But the pagan has his moments of pessimism, when the way seems long and the prize remote, or when some fearful crisis in the world's affairs reminds him that in all history there is no evidence of any real progress toward a final security of moral perfection. At such moments he loses all faith, crying that man is no better than the beasts that perish, that the world is an irrational anarchy, and that good and evil are fancies without a meaning.

The Church is at once more pessimistic and more optimistic than the pagan. More pessimistic, because she insists that the root of man's trouble is not in his circumstances but in himself; that although his true nature is good, and indeed divine, there is a radical corruption in his will that makes him continually run counter to himself, so that even when he knows the good, he cannot and will not do it. More optimistic, because she refuses categorically to segregate the Kingdom of Heaven in unget-at-able nooks and corners of history. It is not yesterday or to-morrow, it is neither here nor there: it is never and nowhere, yet, being eternal, it is also everywhere and to-day available always and for everybody: it is a state of the soul, and not an event in time.

Consequently, the clamor that the Church, as such, should lead the world in measures of practical reform, or ally herself with political systems to establish administrative perfection, is wholly misconceived and mischievous. The Church may not identify herself with any human scheme of perfection, for in so doing she identifies herself not only with its virtues but also with its inherent errors and corruptions, so when these latter in time accumulate to bring about catastrophe, the Church will be found clinging to the rotten platform on which she has come to rely.

Her mission is not to support any system, but to display the eternal standards by which systems are judged; and to make Christian men who will bring their systems to the bar of that judgment. Her vocation, in short, is not to sanction measures, but to sanctify mankind.

THE last three hundred years in Europe offer a striking object-lesson of what happens when the Church allows her standards to approximate to, and be supported by, the standards of the "Cæsar" of enlightened opinion. These three centuries have seen the loosening, in the name of progress, evolution, and equality of opportunity, of all the religious controls to which money was (theoretically, at least) subjected throughout the Middle Ages. At the same time, the power of wealth became detached from its original connection with labor and the land to become that irresponsible autocrat which we call "finance"! The Church gave way—not, indeed, without protest—

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until, in the industrial nineteenth century, we find her acquiescing in the autonomy of wealth to a degree which would have shocked her in less enlightened times. Christian priests were ready to call "honest thrift" conduct which their predecessors would bluntly have called sinful avarice; Christian businessmen were ready to practice sharp dealing six days a week, and listen comfortably on Sunday to homilies which would

Compound for sins they were inclined to
By damning those they had no mind to—

to wit, those disreputable and disorderly sins which the Church might conveniently scourge without offending a Cæsar who had no use for them either.

FOR if the Church of the Age of Property was respectable, so was property itself. Property owns shares in respectability. It thrives by stable marriages and legitimate families, by which property can be consolidated and inherited without dispute and without disturbance. In upholding the rights of property, the Church was, in fact, calling in the help of Cæsar to support her very righteous insistence upon the sanctity of marriage and the family. Nothing could be more in line with the fashionable doctrine of "enlightened self-interest."

But a later development brought the Church under judgment for this corruption of her methods and standards. The inherent evil of the virtues of thrift and freedom accumlated to produce its own disorders. Free avarice issued in a social and economic situation that became wholly intolerable, and plunged the world into a fearful succession of class disputes and international wars of which we cannot yet see the end.

Meanwhile, the power of wealth had left the landowner, and even the individual rich man and his family, to become vested in the impersonal Trust or Company, whose life was immortal, and its tenure no longer bound up with anybody's personal morals. Cæsar was no longer concerned to preserve the family or enforce chastity on the individual, and the Church was left to cry desolately in the wilderness against a collapse of respectability caused largely by the financial immorality which she had omitted to rebuke and on which she had unconsciously relied to prevent it.

Thus the Church itself suffers judgment. She must now preach virtue for its own sake—not only without the aid of Cæsar but very likely in direct opposition to him. For if she values her life, she must strenuously resist the temptation of again trying to enlist Cæsar against himself. If, awakened to the sin of financial corruption, she allies herself with a new Cæsar to set up the property-less state, she may easily find herself identified with a system worse than indifferent to her ideas about sexual morality.

As the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution have shown, the first reaction against the sanctity of property is generally accompanied by a reaction against the sanctity of marriage; naturally, since to facilitate the concentration of wealth and power in the hand of the state it is necessary to

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break up, as far as possible, all individual attachments, either to the family or to the land. Hence we find in the Totalitarian States the forced movement of labor and the attempts to destroy the family, whether by permitting easy divorce or by sundering the intimate ties of parental control.

If, indeed, a Cæsar does set out to encourage virtue, it is less likely to be in virtue's own interests than for the sake of racial purity, military solidarity, or some other specious good fraught with possibilities of evil.

THUS in the New Age, as in every age, the Church is a Church Militant, resisting treason from within as well as assaults from without, sustaining a desperate war upon all fronts, refusing all alliances and all campaigns for driving out the devil by Beelzebub, or dividing Cæsar in order to rule by his aid.

She must call for a more equitable distribution of wealth; but she must not back Communism or Socialism against Capitalism, for she may not admit the false assumption behind all three—that man lives by bread alone, and that the basis of society is economic.

She must continue to assert the sanctity of the body; but she most remember that to prostitute science to commercialism or the intellect to sentimentality is just as immoral as to prostitute the body to lust, and issues in still more disastrous perversions.

She must set herself to remove the scandal of unemployment; but she must not pretend that this ill can be cured by mere adjustments of wages and markets. She must go far deeper than this, and say plainly that what matters is the work itself—that it should be both well done and worth doing. So long as useless work is created to manufacture employment, or needful work left undone because it is uneconomic, or men are paid to be idle lest their work should spoil the market, or workers will agree to work badly lest good work should lower the wage-rate, so long will the problem of labor remain insoluble.

Until work is lifted out of the sphere of economics and considered in terms of God, man, and matter, there can be no economic justice; and in this matter the Church must countenance no compromise.

Still more urgently, perhaps, at this moment, the Church must remind the world of the paradox about peace: that peace is the work of Grace and not of the Law, and that therefore to seek to enforce peace by law is to go the surest way toward making war inevitable. Law rests on power; and so soon as the power enforcing peace becomes corrupt, peace will become more intolerable than war, and blood will be its argument. Law can make peace in this world, but it will not be enduring; Grace can make an enduring peace, but it will not be of this world and the law cannot be invoked to maintain it.

The Church, in fact, when true to herself is neither optimist or pessimist, but realist, seeing clearly the divided will in man that requires him to live upon two planes at once. She will not say with the pessimist that all good is merely relative, nor with the optimist that absolute perfection is attainable

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by human effort within the frame of history. She maintains that all man's good is indeed only relative, but relative to a good which is absolute, and to which, by Grace, he can relate it—not at some distant future time, but here and now.

When the world has long trusted in its own righteousness, and has fallen under the ensuing judgment, it is apt to turn angrily to the Church, asking where is her leadership and why is she not rushing out to wave blue-prints for Paradise in the van of the modern movement. But the Church is not concerned with new movements but with eternal truth; and it is pretty safe to say that whenever she is to be found in the van of the current movement she is not leading it but merely being swept away by the current. Her real leadership is being exercised by her prophets, elsewhere and unnoticed. In her worst moments the Church is never without her witnesses, and to-day the best Christian thinkers are writing and speaking of world events with an insight and profundity which make the ablest efforts of the secular reformers look like schoolboys' essays.

WHETHER the Church appears to be before or behind the times depends a good deal on the way the times are going; the man in the right place will always be behind the man who is running full tilt in the wrong direction. But it is nearer the truth to say that all error moves in a vicious circle, and that when its revolution of destruction has fulfilled itself it will see the truth standing where it has always stood—neither in front nor behind, but at the center.

Swastika Into Winston

The dictatorial attitude of the Ontario authorities in attempting to change the name of the pretty little Northern village of Swastika has raised such a storm of disapproval that the Toronto people are now making the excuses that they should have presented before as reasons for suggesting the changing of the name. Chief among these excuses is the idea that tourists from the United States will be amazed to find a place called Swastika in a loyal British country.

Premier Hepburn's suggestion that the people of Swastika would not be forced to accept the name "Winston" was a particularly mean one. The good people of Swastika are not objecting to the new name, but rather to being robbed of their old name. The only new name that would really please them is "Swastika."

—*Porcupine Advance*, Canada

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Persons and Personages

The Druse 'Joan of Arc'

By Arthur Settel

WHETHER or not the Nazi steamroller can make any headway in the parched and arid deserts of Arabistan, centering in the Middle East, there is one tiny nation from which sharp and bitter opposition can be expected. It is the Jebel Druse. In the mountain fastness of the Lebanon, a tiny country lying immediately north of Palestine and athwart Syria of which it is an integral part, there live upwards of 53,000 Druse. Probably only a handful of Americans have heard of these people but they are, collectively, one of the toughest and most indomitable races on earth.

Their leader, perhaps as colorful a figure as Europe ever produced, is a woman whose career must some day become part of the heroic literature of mankind. Her name is Nazira and supporting her is a powerful little army of tribesmen whose warrior members are feared by the Arabs of Syria and heartily respected by the French troops who have never ventured to intrude upon Druse liberties.

A system of social and economic feudalism which is generations old retains its hold over the Druse people. Originally the community occupied two districts of the Lebanon, each ruled over by a dominant land-owning family. The Arslani controlled South Lebanon including Beirut, with its center located at Khaldi Village. The Jenblatts were masters in the interior and maintained their headquarters in the village of Mokhtara.

In the course of time each family extended its power, both became political parties, and a bitter rivalry between the two developed. Before the First World War the Druse mountaineers who occupied the Jebel Druse were more closely allied to the conservative Jenblatts than to the progressive Arslani. But the revolt of 1925 caused a drastic change of front. The Jebel Druse and Arslani joined in the rebellion while the Jenblatts gave assistance to the French.

The first Druse to welcome the French and to be appointed *Kaimakam* of his District was Fuad Bey Jenblatt whose support of the Mandatory Power amounted to a fanatic loyalty and whose subsequent unpopularity among his own people knew no bounds. He was regarded as a traitor and in 1922 was assassinated by Shakib Wahab, a Druse leader. Wahab fled to the Jebel Druse and, after playing a leading part in the 1925 rebellion, escaped to the Trans-Jordan and thence to Wadi Sirhan where he still lives.

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The French avenged Fuad Bey's death with stiff reprisals. A reward of a thousand pounds sterling was offered for the head of the murderer and Druse rumor had it that the order of Legion d'Honneur was hung around the neck of Fuad's small son by General Weygand.

In all of the Jenblatt tribe there was no man courageous enough to take a definite stand either to repudiate Fuad Bey's pro-French sympathies or to follow his policy to its logical conclusion. But what was beyond the powers of men was accomplished by a woman, the widow of Fuad Bey, Nazira or Princess Nazira, as she is known among her people. It was Nazira who carried on negotiations with the French, with her fellow tribesmen and with the rebels. Within a few years she restored to her tribe the glory which had been lost for generations.

Nazira exhibited political, administrative, diplomatic and economic abilities which had distinguished neither her husband nor any other male member of the family. Though she held no official post, it was she who was the real governor of the district, she who paved the way for a French-Druse understanding, bringing to an end a weary and costly conflict.

Nazira's influence reached its zenith during the 1925 revolt when she succeeded in influencing members of the party to stay out of the conflict. The Lebanese villagers and peasants were at the mercy of the French and hostile demonstrations would mean extermination.

When the Druse rebels approached Mokhtara, it was Nazira again who prevailed upon them to respect the neutrality of the town. Later, with the waning of the disturbances, Nazira acted as an unofficial intermediary between the rebels and the French, gaining the complete confidence of the Druse who regarded her not as a French agent but as a Druse mother and a practical diplomat. Many pardons granted by the French were obtained only upon her intercession. At the close of the war Nazira received the Order of the Legion d'Honneur.

The economic ventures of the "Princess" enhanced her popularity and wealth. The Mokhtara springs were exploited and a modern electric station constructed, supplying power for a textile factory, flour mill and the lighting of Nazira's own home.

Nazira is today sixty years of age. When she appears in public, she wears a veil after the fashion of Moslem women, and the inevitable cross of the Legion d'Honneur. In conversation with Westerners she keeps her mouth covered in Druse tradition.

The only son of Nazira received his education at Jesuit college; her daughter attended a French school. The "Princess" no longer is content with being acknowledged leader of the Jen-

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blatts. Her ambition has outgrown the confines of her own tribe and she seeks to extend her influence over the Druse community, 53,000 souls, all told. The Arslani chieftains, Emir Shahib and Emil Adel, are in exile and their party has entered upon a period of decline.

Nazira is in no hurry, despite her age. She considers every step she takes, weighs every word. Many of her former opponents have joined her. New forces are arrayed against her. The precarious position of Syria coupled with the feebleness of the French forces in that country, present an opportunity. Whether Nazira will capitalize upon it remains to be seen.

The Return of General Smuts

By J. A. Gray

Picture Post, London Topical Weekly

FORTY years ago Jan Christian Smuts, at the head of a command of 250 young Boers, rode across the Orange River into Cape Colony and into the front pages of the world's newspapers.

It was a dramatic stroke, in the true Smuts manner—swift, audacious, imaginative, unexpected. It gripped public attention by its sheer defiance. It carried the war into the enemy's country at an hour when Boer fortunes were ebbing fast. It had all the glamour of a forlorn hope—as indeed it proved to be—but, had it attained its object, the war in the veld would not only have been revived but transformed. For this was no act of mere bravado. Smuts, then, as ever, was a man with a purpose.

He knew Boer resistance was sagging. Bloemfontein and Pretoria, the republican capitals, had fallen to the victorious Roberts. Their Governments were on the run, driven from pillar to post. Old Paul Kruger had gone to Europe to die in exile. Many of his burghers were laying down their arms and returning home to their farms. Thousands more were prisoners of war in Ceylon and St. Helena. The *commandos* in the field were scattered and fugitive, though still fighting. Kitchener, left behind by Roberts to finish the job off, was methodically, but laboriously, penning them in between his blockhouses and his khaki columns. The end seemed to be in sight.

It was then that Smuts, the farmer's son, who had gone from scholastic triumphs at Cambridge to practice at the Transvaal Bar, later to be chosen by "Oom Paul" to be his Attorney General at the age of twenty-eight, sprang into action. One hope, and one hope only, he saw remained, or all was lost. It was that the Boers of the Cape Colony—British subjects, though they were—should be induced to rise and fight alongside their republican kith and kin.

The young State Attorney, himself born and bred in the Cape Colony, volunteered to carry the "fiery cross" among his own people. Side-stepping the cumbrous British columns toiling through the veld, he and his men broke

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past the lines of blockhouses linked together by barbed wire which were meant to corral them, and were attacking right into the heart of Cape Colony before the British generals could grasp the situation.

Supple as De Wet, dodging this way and that, swift and stinging as a mosquito, escaping capture time and again by a hairsbreadth, the young Commandant penetrated south, east and west, with 10,000 British troops ever at his heels. The general rebellion for which he had hoped failed, but throughout seven long months of trekking and fighting he baffled every effort to bring him to bay. He was still fighting—and his force of 250 had swollen to 3,000—when the summons came for him to attend the peace conference.

WHEN peace came, General Smuts, his official occupation gone, returned to the bar and to the task of home-building as well as nation-building. For the greater part of the war he had been separated from his wife, sweetheart of his student days at Stellenbosch; and the needs of a young and growing family had to be met.

But he could not, had he wished, shut himself off from politics. His fellow Boers, baffled and unhappy in the midst of their post-war problems, cried aloud for leadership. It was to Botha and Smuts, their trusted commanders in the field, that they turned more and more. Then began that memorable partnership, in council and in war, which went far to decide the course of South African history from that day to this.

Botha and Smuts—the one came to be rarely mentioned without the other. It would be hard to say which contributed more to their famous partnership—Botha, the big, bluff farmer, breathing common sense, good nature and solidity, progressive and conciliatory in his outlook but limited in his expression, talking to his neighbors as man to man in his own homely way; or Smuts, the keen-eyed lawyer, razor-minded, brimful of ideas and ever ready with a plan to carry them out, but, in those days, cold, aloof, impatient and ill at ease among strangers, with little of the small change of politics to jingle for the entertainment or flattery of the groundlings.

Between them they did great things, the greatest unquestionably being the union of the four South African colonies—the two old Republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State and the two British colonies of the Cape and Natal—into a new Dominion of the Crown. For that achievement Smuts far more than Botha was responsible. It was work after his own heart, the fulfilment of his earliest political dream.

People mocked him as an innocent idealist when, as a young man newly back from Cambridge, he spoke of a future United South Africa, just as they mock him today when he visualizes a future United States of Africa ranging from Kenya to the Cape. Idealist he is, admittedly, but he has a habit of living to see his dreams come true.

The infant Union of South Africa, on which his dearest hopes were set,

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was put to a bitter test when it was only four years old. The outbreak of war in 1914 found South Africa divided. Then, as now, a section of the Boers contended they had no part or lot in England's quarrels. But Botha and Smuts stood firm. They remained true to the Treaty of Peace signed at Vereeniging twelve years earlier. When a section of their fellow Boers, helped by the Germans in Southwest Africa, rose in rebellion against them, they took the field and quashed the rising. It was a bitter and dangerous hour, but neither flinched.

The victorious campaign in Southwest Africa followed, ending in Germany's surrender of her oldest colony. The old German imperial flag under which the surrender was made now adorns the wall of General Smuts' study, alongside the Vierkleur of the Transvaal Republic.

THEN came one of the most signal honors ever conferred on any man. General Smuts, who only fourteen years earlier had been in arms against the Crown, was invited by the British Government to go to East Africa and take command of the British Army operating against the Germans there. It was a gesture that did honor to both parties, an advertisement to the world that peace between Boer and Briton had been founded on understanding and mutual respect.

General Smuts—now a General of the British Army—went north, and soon had Von Lettow on the run.

The East African campaign was the prelude to his appearance on the world stage as member of the British War Cabinet, architect and advocate of the League of Nations and delegate to the Peace Conference. It was in 1917 that he was summoned to England to attend the Imperial War Cabinet. He arrived at the darkest hour of the war, with the laurels of two victorious campaigns fresh upon him and all the glamour attaching to his personality and history.

His presence here at that time made a tremendous impression, as the older generation will recall. By his confidence, energy and initiative he breathed new hope, not only into Downing Street and Whitehall but wherever he went.

When the time came for that first Imperial Cabinet to disperse, Lloyd George refused to let him go. Against all political precedent, but with the goodwill and approval of the nation, the Prime Minister insisted he should become a member of the British War Cabinet. It was a peculiar constitutional position, because General Smuts was neither a Member of the House of Commons nor of the House of Lords, and was responsible only to his own people in South Africa; but Lloyd George settled the point by paying him no salary.

What he achieved at that time is a matter of history; but one of his greatest services worth recalling today was the part he played in the forma-

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tion of the Royal Air Force, and his organization of the defenses of London against air attack. To him more than to any other man, as Lloyd George acknowledges in his memoirs, is due the credit for the plan which rescued London from air attack in the last year of the war.

His memorandum to the War Cabinet on the future of air warfare is a historic and prophetic document, visualizing as it does, not the conditions to be faced in 1917 and 1918, when air attack was secondary to the general military effort, but the distant day which has now arrived when, as he expressed it, mass attacks from the air on populous industrial centers would become the main enterprise of war and ordinary military and naval operations entirely secondary.

His advocacy of the League of Nations had a decisive influence on his Cabinet colleague and, more particularly, on President Wilson, but the Versailles Treaty itself was a bitter disappointment to him. He saw in its terms none of that generous and chivalrous spirit which had brought peace to South Africa and, though he signed it, he took the first opportunity of protesting against it, seeing in it only the promise of future war.

—*Bulletins From Britain*

He returned home disillusioned and uneasy, but with little time to brood over Europe's lost opportunities, for a week or two after his arrival General Botha died, and he became Prime Minister for the first time. He had not yet turned fifty.

He succeeded to a thankless task, for South Africa had more than its fair share of post-war problems and discontent. Racialism was again raising its ugly head, and labor troubles on the Rand came to bloodshed. In 1924 he was defeated by a combination of Boer extremists and English-speaking artisans, and after nearly eighteen years of continuous office found himself in the wilderness.

He felt he had but to wait and, as they say in South Africa, "*alles sal reg kom.*" In the end all did come right; but nine weary years later. Then he showed his real stature. He had the choice of co-operating with General Hertzog, his life-long opponent, or of forcing a general election which would for a certainty have returned him to power. Putting personal advantage on one side, he chose to serve under General Hertzog. That way promised unity and co-operation between British and Dutch. He did not care where he served so long as his old dream of a united South Africa came true.

For six and a half memorable years—years of prosperity, achievement and peace such as the Union had not known—this partnership lasted. In September 1939, it was wrecked by Hitler. Hertzog and half his Cabinet plumped for neutrality, Smuts and the other half insisted South Africa could

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not stand outside. It was an hour of bitter decision. General Smuts well knew it meant the end of co-operation and the resumption of the old racial war, but he did not hesitate when he felt South Africa's honor was at stake. Parliament supported him. His majority was not large but it was sufficient and for the second time, now within sight of his seventieth birthday, he became Prime Minister of the Union.

Today, after more than a year of war, he stands forth as the leader of his people, stronger politically than when the war began, with a complete grasp of the situation, as vigorous in mind and body as he was twenty years ago. He still finds his recreation and refreshment in climbing Table Mountain once a week when Parliament is in session, and when the Government goes north to Pretoria there is magic and adventure of a botanizing expedition in the veld—alone or with some chosen companion—to take the place of the mountains that he loves.

At the Cape he stays in the millionaire mansion bequeathed to the nation by Cecil Rhodes, and at Pretoria he now has at his dispoal an equally luxurious official residence; but at week-ends he and Mrs. Smuts steal away to their simple wood-and-iron home on their Transvaal farm, overflowing with books and trophies and usually ringing with the laughter of children at play—their growing family of grandchildren.

Then the General, cares of office forgotten, ceases to be the Elder Statesman, and becomes to all, children and native servants alike, the beloved "Ou Baas."

Chinese Prince and Catholic Painter

By Flora Belle Jan

Peking Chronicle

IN 1892 there was born in the Palace of Prine Tun the Fifth Son of the Emperor Tao Kwang (1820-1850), a son who had bestowed upon him by royal decree the title of Prince Pu Chin. This child was a great-grandson of the Emperor Tao Kwang, a grandson of Prince Tun, and a son of Prince Tsai Ying.

As a youth of fifteen, Prince Pu Chin began to study painting. He developed an astonishing ease in handling the paint brush and practiced feverishly for many hours at a stretch. His family made favorable comments on his paintings but did not take them seriously. Painting could never be more than a genteel pastime to the prince, who, on reaching his majority, would join the Royal Guards and take his place in the Imperial Court.

Meantime, Prince Pu Chin was adopted by the Ninth Prince, a son of the Emperor Tao Kwang, according to the Chinese tradition that a man could adopt his brother's son as his legal heir if he had none of his own. So he went to live in Chiu Yeh Fu, the palace of the Ninth Prince.

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When the young prince reached the age of eighteen and was about to attend Court, a terrific happening changed the course of his life—the revolution brought about the establishment of the Chinese Republic. The palace in which he was born, Wu Yeh Fu, located inside Chao Yang Men, was sold (and has since disappeared as a landmark in Peking). The palace of his foster father, the Ninth Prince, has since become the Chinese Women's College.

As a private citizen, the young prince remained in Peking and continued to paint and to practice Chinese calligraphy, for a two-fold talent in the twin arts had been bestowed upon him by heavenly decree.

When he was twenty-seven, Prince Pu Chin was married to a daughter of a ranking Manchu official of Szechuan named Tsun. Like other royal Manchus, he had to accept a wife from a family of lower social position, for there was only one Royal Family. Mrs. Pu eventually bore him nine living children, seven girls and two boys. The elder son, now eighteen years old, is a student in the Higher Middle School of Yu Ying Academy. All of the seven girls are at present studying English at the Young Women's Christian Association in the East City section.

The Virgin Depicted in Chinese Art

Prince Pu, when he was thirty-eight years old, exactly ten years ago, was made the chairman of the Department of Fine Arts of the Catholic University of Peking (Fu Jen University). He still holds that position and now teaches twelve hours a week. Most of these hours he spends giving practical instruction on Chinese painting, and the rest in lecturing on its history.

An early convert to Christianity—and no "rice Christian"—Prince Pu is largely responsible for the enormous increase in Chinese Catholic converts. One of the most outstanding successes of the Catholic Church in China is due to the fact that native artists have been encouraged in translating the Bible into a Chinese point of view, visually. Prince Pu is largely credited with fostering this. Bible scenes are depicted in a purely Chinese locale—slant-eyed Virgin Mary's, Manchu beards on Joseph, and a roly-poly Chinese baby as the Christ Child.

Prince Pu's contention was that the Bible was incomprehensible to the Chinese when illustrated by the hated foreigners—that the Book could never preach love when its white apostles practiced hate against colored races.

Prince Pu Chin, or Pu Hsueh-chai, as he is known among his Chinese friends in Peking (since it is not polite to use his official name), derives an income of between $20,000 and $30,000 a year from the sale of his paintings. These range from fans to large paintings, the prices varying from $40

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to $1,000 for a single item. The total number sold annually is about 500. He does not sell his calligraph, but occasionally presents an example of it, as a surprise, to a friend to whom he takes a fancy. Only once in the thirty years that he has worked seriously as an artist has he held an exhibition and that was in 1936, in Shanghai and Nanking. Only sixty pieces were displayed but they were all sold and there was an immediate demand for twice that number of paintings. He had to rush home to Peking to fill these orders.

THE royal artist is best known for paintings of Chinese scenery but his *lan tsao* (a kind of orchid), which belongs to the "flowers and birds" category of Chinese art, is also well done. Several years ago he painted a portrait of Archbishop Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China from 1922 to 1923, described in the Catalogue of the Catholic University of Peking as "a great lover of art (who) made the idea of a Chinese Christian art his own." He has also portrayed Achille Ratti, His Holiness the Supreme Pontiff, Pope Pius XI. He has been asked by the Catholic University of Peking to paint the present Pope, Eugenio Pacelli, Pius XII, but he has been too pressed for time.

Prince Pu Chin, now forty-nine years old, wears a moustache which he threatens to shave off soon, wears glasses for his myopia, and often carries a cane. He usually appears in dignified long Chinese gowns of somber hues, Chinese silk trousers tied at the ankles; and Chinese shoes. His face is smooth and unlined, but his back is bent from long years spent in perfecting his calligraphy. He prides himself on his good health, his keen eyesight and sharp sense of hearing, the latter enabling him to pronounce isolated English words perfectly, though he does not know English. As a young man he was expert in horsemanship and archery, but in later years he learned to play billiards, the only game in which he can outplay his second-cousin, the Emperor of Manchukuo, whom he visits extra-officially once a year.

Generous and warm-hearted to an extreme degree, Prince Pu surprises friends frequently by presenting them with exquisite paintings, fans, pieces of calligraphy and valuable ink-stones. Aloof and formal with strangers and social inferiors, he is humorous, witty and conversational with people whom he considers his equals, regardless of whether they are royalty or commoners.

When asked what his daily habits were he laughed, but volunteered the following:

Upon rising he makes his toilet, then paints before breakfast, assisted by several of his nine children, who prepare his materials for him and hand them to him as he needs them. His eighteen-year-old son and his seventeen-year-old daughter both paint very well, but the latter is his favorite. At two o'clock in the afternoon he goes to the Catholic University, where he teaches two hours. After class, he goes home to rest. He has some knowledge of Chinese music, and during this rest period he amuses himself by playing

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the *ti* or Chinese flute. Occasionally he puts on a phonograph record of foreign piano music, which he likes very much. While listening to this he drinks a cup of black coffee with three cubes of Tai-koo sugar.

Prince Pu Chin does his best work, both in painting and in calligraphy, at night from 11 P.M. to two or three o'clock in the morning. At this time he is served a snack consisting of two pieces of toasted foreign bread, four slices of ham and a bowl of beef or mutton consomme.

On Saturdays and Sundays he roams about Liu Li Chang, looking for inkcake, paper 400 to 500 years old for writing or painting, and inkstone made during the Ming Dynasty (fourteenth to sixteenth century). That ancient paper which intrigues him is very precious, one sheet sometimes being worth several hundred dollars.

Fourteen years ago Prince Pu Chin founded the Sung Feng Hua Hui (Pine Wind Painted Club). The members all belonged to the Manchu Royal Family. They include Prince Pu Ju, Pu Hsien, Pu Chuan and Pu Tso, the latter three being brothers of Prince Pu Chin. This club has survived to the present time and holds meetings regularly twice a month. There are now twelve to fifteen members, all of whom are recognized as good artists by the Chinese of Peking. The meetings of the Sung Feng Hua Hui are held at the home of Prince Pu Chin in the East City. For six hours the artists sit and paint together. Then they have tea and refreshments, after which they ceremoniously take leave of one another.

It was not so many years ago that such a royal personage in China would have been inconceivable—now Prince Pu is an artist, approachable and a prince of good fellows rather than a Prince of the Blood.

Color Blind in the War

Many would-be recruits were turned down by the Royal Australian Air Force on account of color blindness.

A few weeks ago a rejected man was having a spin aloft when he casually glanced out of the plane and commented upon the factory over which they were passing.

"You're pretty smart to be able to spot that," said his friend. "That's reckoned to be one of the best camouflaged factories in Australia."

News of this reached the ears of high officials. Now many of the men who were turned down as pilots because of color blindness have been enrolled to fly—as spotters of enemy positions and factories.

—*Answers*, London

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The Germans forbid any realism, and happy endings are compulsory

Norway Boycotts the Nazi Movies

By G. L.

Svenska Dagbladet, Stockholm Conservative Daily

GERMANY has tried everything, in vain, to make the "co-ordinated" cinema acceptable to the Norwegian eye and ear. When it became clear that the people of Oslo and other Norwegian cities preferred to remain home rather than view Nazi-approved films, other additional attractions were provided. Artists were engaged to appear in person on the stages of moving-picture houses. Even a juggling chimpanzee was pressed into service. Prices were lowered and the unemployed were given free tickets. Finally, in despair, the military authorities took over some of the empty movie theaters to use as office buildings. (The boycott means a considerable financial loss to the city of Oslo where most of the cinemas are under municipal management.)

The Swedish journalist, Goesta Lindskog, who recently returned from a trip to Norway, gives an interesting survey of the almost complete film boycott.

On May 17, 1940, writes Lindskog, the Germans celebrated the Norwegian national holiday by giving Norwegians a screen view of the conquest of their country. This was the signal for demonstrations during which shots rang out. Norwegians didn't want to see any more German films. The Germans, nevertheless, went ahead with steps to make the movies part of the New Order in Norway, including the closing of offices of American film companies.

The Norwegians—who, despite everything, have retained their ability to judge dispassionately—admit that before the occupation, German films were discriminated against. An official of the left-socialist Labor party had control of the hiring of foreign films [a Government monopoly] and he preferred mediocre American pictures to good German ones. But the Nazi authorities, when they took over, went too far to the other extreme to suit the Norwegians. Opposition became in-

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creasingly organized and by the beginning of 1941 it had become a regular strike. Those who continued to go to the movies—some Swedish and French films were still being shown—always waited until the main picture was about to begin. They refused to sit through the German UFA propaganda newsreels. When the report spread one day that a British picture was being shown at a little theater in one of the Oslo suburbs, long queues formed in front of the box office. The German authorities soon came forward with the explanation that they had permitted the showing of the film because it depicted one of the darkest chapters in Britain's history.

The strike finally grew to such an extent that the occupation authorities threatened a special tax unless Norwegians resumed their former habit of frequent movie-going. The threat proved ineffective.

Meanwhile, the Germans did nothing to reduce the monotony of their purely propagandistic newsreels. Here are some of those I saw in one of Oslo's biggest cinemas: (1) Quisling "Youth" skiing in Garmisch, (2) Matsuoka visiting Hitler, (3) the new German Minister to Rumania, (4) the German Minister to Slovakia, (5) handball on skiis, (6) German fliers in Italy, (7) winter sports on the Platten Lake in the Alps, (8) dancing skaters in Italy, (9) the Italian Government rewarding prolific parents, (10) the Belgian championship ping-pong match, (11) a Mardi Gras parade in New York [Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade?].

One evening I went to a theater where the main film was Swedish and the newsreel, as usual, German. The audience, in a room that could easily hold 500, was of about eighty young men, among them a number of German soldiers. These eighty were watched like hawks by three policemen while the newsreel was being shown. At one point, where the propaganda was too obvious, one of the boys laughed aloud. A policeman rushed down the aisle to apprehend the "criminal," but by the time he reached the spot, all was quiet and onlookers were straining to look as innocent as possible. The German soldiers did nothing to aid the policeman in his duty; they want only to live in peace with the Norwegians.

It is well known that before the War, Norwegian-produced films were not of a high quality, except for a few scenic views of the Norwegian countryside. Part of the Nazis' program is to build up the Norwegian picture industry, and they have invited the co-operation of a number of local companies which were formerly in financial difficulties. The two leaders of Norway's pre-War film industry were Leif Sinding and Helge Lunde. When, some years ago, the industry was made a Government monopoly, Sinding was appointed general manager. Another important man in the Norwegian film world was Tancred Ibsen, grandson of the two writers, Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson and Henrik Ibsen.

THE first important film premiere which took place after the Nazis overran Norway was Tancred Ibsen's *Toerres Snoertevold*, an adaptation of Alexander Kielland's novel, *Jakob*,

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with a Norwegian star, Alfred Maurstad. In the original picture, which followed the book very closely, a convincing farm boy goes to the big town to make his fortune and in the end becomes the most powerful among the magnates. He starts by stealing dimes and winds up driving the first families of the city into bankruptcy and acquiring the mansion of one of his victims.

The German authorities did not like this ending. They permitted the hero to make his shrewd deals but only to teach a lesson to others—and in the end everyone had to be happy. So, the hero was made to inform other business leaders, at a meeting, that it was in his power to ruin them all but that he would magnanimously refrain from exercising that power. His intention all along had been only to give them a lesson in morals. In the original, the hero marries a noble lady, but in the Nazi version he marries the servant girl sweetheart whom he met on his first job in the city. These and other changes in the film make the logic of the hero's career almost completely incomprehensible.

I AM afraid this film will never become as popular as Maurstad's great *Gjest Bardsen*, based on the career of Norway's Robin Hood. The ethics of the Nazi censors caused them to ban this picture on the grounds that it represented the sentimental adulation of a thief and indicated that Norwegian taste had been too much affected by American gangster films.

Counter-Attack in South America?

There are reports that Goebbels' propaganda department is preparing a counter-attack to *The Great Dictator* in a specially produced film which is to satirize Mr. Churchill and British ways of life. As it is to be shown in South America it is to be called *Juan Toro* or *John Bull*. The most damaging thing in the Chaplin portrait is its fatal likeness to Hitler in eruption at the microphone; the picture would not be so painful to Nazis if it were not so obviously based on fact. If Goebbels tries to pay Mr. Chaplin the supreme compliment of imitation he will have to confine himself to travesty. And everyone knows by this time what Truthful Joe's vein in travesty is like; it deceives nobody but the Germans. He will make yet another great mistake, comparable only to his famous "war of nerves," if he tries to outshine Chaplin. Chaplin is a comedian of set purpose. Joe is funny only by accident and when he is trying to get the outer world to take his inventions seriously.

—"Lucio" in the *Manchester Guardian*

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A Montreal editor urges it, to forward the war effort

North American Customs Union

By JEAN-CHARLES HARVEY

Le Jour, Montreal Liberal Daily

TODAY we are at war. Yet at a time when our two countries so much need economic unity and co-ordination, a great quantity of material necessary for war industry in both Canada and the United States cannot pass free of duty across their frontiers. Our trade laws are an obstacle to the success of our mutual cause. It is, for instance, incredible that certain metals needed by the United States for its national defense cannot enter that country without paying high duties. Can one conceive of a more dangerous anomaly?

The United States will have to import from Canada during this year additional raw materials and industrial products to the value of about $300,000,000, since Uncle Sam cannot alone execute the gigantic program outlined to the nation by Roosevelt. As we sold the United States last year $423,000,000 worth of all kinds of products, it can be calculated that the total would rise in 1941 to about $700,000,000, but this we diminish considerably by the unfavorable balance of our trade with the United States.

In our opinion, the best means of co-ordinating commercial relations between the two countries would be to abolish at least a majority of the customs barriers which prevent free circulation of products between the two countries. We now have a magnificent opportunity to return to free trade. And if the Liberals wish to be faithful to their traditional principles, they should put into practice what their leaders have maintained in theory since the beginning of the Canadian Confederation.

Our two Canadian political parties are theoretically divided on the question of customs duties between the United States and Canada. The Liberals call themselves free traders and the Conservatives, protectionists. In practice, however, both follow the same

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line. After each change of government, a few slight modifications of rates have been introduced, the Liberals decreasing them at certain points and the Conservatives increasing them. In general, however, Canada has always remained a strongly "protectionist" country, and the United States has paid us back in kind. The farmers of our neighbor country, incited by demagogic politicians, thought they were about to be ruined whenever there was danger of customs duties being decreased in favor of Canadian imports.

In 1911, when he was Prime Minister, Sir Wilfred Laurier prepared a free-trade program in co-operation with the American Government. He proposed a fairly flexible formula which seemed to satisfy Canada's economic wants at that period. We need, he said, not protective tariffs but revenue duties. He understood that it was necessary to maintain certain duties, not for the purpose of protecting the capital of Tom, Dick and Harry but to conserve one source of revenue for the public treasury. He was right. Unfortunately, big business interests united and waged an insidious and dishonest war against Laurier. The whole election campaign of 1911 was based on the slogan that the Liberal chief was preparing for the annexation of Canada to the United States, and this was quite sufficient to frighten the old loyalists. And Laurier was defeated.

The Canadian people pay enormous sums in customs duties. A great part of these serve mainly to maintain the prosperity of certain individuals and a portion of private industry. What right have these to claim that every citizen of Canada must contribute to enrich them by exorbitant duties? Why must the automobile which I buy in Canada cost me $200 to $300 more than the same car bought a few miles away on the other side of the frontier? Why should my radio cost 40 to 50 per cent more than in the neighboring country? Why should the majority of articles in current use which are manufactured in both Canada and the United States be weighed down in our country by exorbitant duties? We could give an imposing list of articles whose prices are increased enormously by duties. I know nothing more unfair and anti-democratic.

THESE objections are usually answered by the argument that the industries of a young country are unable to resist the competition of those of a country which has been industrialized for a long time and that so they must have the protection of the state. It is said that if free trade is established, this or that industry will be ruined and that thousands of workers would lose their jobs and have to be supported by the government. This argument is more clever than solid. First, in time of war the suffering of individuals is not so important. Why should any be exempted when thousands of young men are losing their lives for their country? Must those who earn least have the courage to face the most dangerous of all duties while the stay-at-homes and particularly the most prosperous of them worry only over the loss of their dividends?

Thousands of workers would lose their jobs, you say? You are wrong.

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Free trade in a country like ours could not bring about the disappearance of some industries without creating others. In a country with such natural resources as Canada, many new enterprises could reach full development at a time when there is the prospect of the American market with its 130,000,000 potential buyers. One must be blind not to recognize how immensely we would gain in prosperity. And after a certain period of readjustment the workers would be absorbed in the new activities.

Neither would the revenues of the state be diminished but, on the contrary, increased. Many articles would cost less. Everyone would have increased purchasing power. The sales tax would bring in more and with the added advantage that now the duties would be used not to enrich a few groups of individuals but to increase the treasure of the whole people.

In any case, it is to the advantage of Canada and the United States to realize their economic unity, for the practical solution of the immediate problem of the war and the only remedy for the trade anomalies which since time immemorial have retarded Canada's industrial development and prevented the increase of her population. When we think that this country, with a territory larger than that of the United States, has only 12,000,000 inhabitants while the neighboring republic has over 130,000,000, we should ask ourselves whether we do not live in an insane asylum.

Incredulity

How standards of taste change in the course of events is seen in this story from France:

We were recently at the cinema where a dull, pre-War film was on the screen. The audience snored until the hero and heroine of the picture sat down at the table. The hero took a fresh white roll from the bread-basket and smeared it generously with butter. The audience instantly sat up. A hum of appreciation filled the theater.

The heroine poured a big cup of coffee for the hero, added heavy cream, and asked:

"Two or three lumps of sugar, dear?"

"Three lumps."

The French audience could no longer restrain itself and burst out into homeric laughter. The rest of the picture was uninteresting. The sugar episode was its climax.

—*Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, New York

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Straws in the Gale

Fifth Column on the Air

Some day perhaps it will be realized that that dreadful B.B.C. voice, with its blurred vowels, antagonizes the whole English-speaking world except for a small area in southern England, and is more valuable to Hitler than a dozen new submarines.

George Orwell in *Time and Tide*, London

Hollywood and the War

Famous Hollywood people have donated their personal possessions to the shop and proceeds from their sale will be given over to the Vancouver branch of the [Red Cross] society.

So far no one has acquired Cary Grant's pyjama top with his name embroidered on the pocket but many people have displayed marked interest (the majority women).

—*Province*, Vancouver

Duce Gag No. 6116-A

Mussolini went for a sea trip with the Italian Fleet the other day. Presently they sighted what appeared to be an enemy ship, and the whole fleet rapidly turned tail, put up a smoke screen, and raced for home.

They were still speeding along when the Admiral approached Musso and said: "It's all right, sir. It was only a mirage."

"All the same, keep going," replied Musso. "Those Miragians are a treacherous crowd."

—*Wings Over Africa*

Genuine Patriotism

A Leeds tailor was surprised the other day to receive a letter from Natal. It had been written by a customer he had almost forgotten, and the customer said he wished to apologize for not having completed payment for the last consignment of goods in 1930. "I think I owe you £4 8s.," he wrote, "and as the British people are showing such pluck and endurance, I feel I must help all I can by paying my debts."

—*Tailor and Cutter*, London

Turn About

An English lady, self-appointed supervisor of village morals, accused a workman of having reverted to drink because "with her own eyes" she had seen his wheelbarrow standing outside a public house.

The accused man made no verbal defence, but the same evening he placed his wheelbarrow outside her door and left it there all night.

—*The Countryman*, England

Scarcely Possible

There are quite a few persons in Canada who dislike this limited profits, closely controlled method of carrying on war.

—Editorial in the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix*

Prayers for the U. S.

In presenting the annual report of the Ladies' Association, Miss K. Kennedy, hon. secretary, stressed the importance of the material help which America was providing for the War effort, and suggested that in return she should be given spiritual help.

—*Northern Whig and Belfast Post*

The Perfect Defense

Our secret weapon against the parachutist is the inability of any English rural, however co-operative, to give clear topographical directions.

—Correspondent in *Lancet*, London

Dynamic Gibberish

Writing with frigid insolence of modern architectural problems, a fellow hack claims that the architect must henceforth establish "a developmental ratio between the utilitarian and the æsthetic." He forgets the great Corbusier's hoarse cry at Passy in 1929:

"Resolve the dominant! Be focal! Fuse the nodal pentatonic line into an organic

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higher dynamism! Rhomboidalism is the enemy! Waiter! A crème de menthe!"

—Timothy Shy in the *News Chronicle*, London

Revenge

Insult me, mistreat me,
Till I weep, till I grovel—
I'll do *you* up brown
In my very first novel.

—Joyce Marshall in *Saturday Night*, Toronto

6-Day War Week

German fifth-column activities in this country were long ago directed toward discrediting the Old Testament. We see the effect of them now in the neglect of the Commandment—"Remember thou keep Holy the Sabbath Day." Our Government have already opened the cinemas on Sundays, now they decide to open the theaters and music halls as well. We seem to be drifting toward a Continental Sabbath, without regard to the Fate that has befallen the Continent.

—Advt. in the *Daily Telegraph*, London

Capsule Dialectics

Remove the incentive to toil, and there must be something to take its place, if the toil is to be done. Remove the reward of sacrifice, and what do you substitute for it? A socialistic dynasty.

—Senator Meighen in the *Daily Star*, Toronto

God Is British

If the Germans are suffering from R.A.F. retributory bombing, it is because they have brought it on themselves, "As ye sow so shall ye reap," and because the British race is the appointed instrument of Divine retribution.

—Correspondent in the *Glasgow Herald*

German Version

A Frenchman charged with an offence before a German military court in occupied France was found not guilty and set free. At least, that's what the Germans call it.

—*Punch*, London

Intolerable

Provincial police in Chatham, Ont., have made the alarming discovery that boys who engage in the time-honored pastime of shooting at insulators on Hydro poles may be dealt with under the Defense of Canada Regulations.

—*The Canadian Forum*, Toronto

Journalistic Profoundity

. . . *The Times*, a paper which has always had a shrewd sense of the news value of looking earnestly ahead and an even shrewder sense of the political value of looking earnestly into space . . .

—Donald Wickham in *Truth*, London

Man Eats Shark

Mr. Fitzsimmons, the New South Wales Minister of Health, has stated that food inspectors will investigate the complaint that, owing to a shortage of fish in Sydney, restaurateurs are serving shark to customers.

—*British Australian and New Zealander*

Did Anyone Ring?

Notices left on the walls of institutions taken over for Army billets are causing some amusement among the troops. The most popular so far is displayed in one of the dormitories of a former girls' boarding-school: "If in urgent need of a mistress, ring this bell."

—*Answers*, London

The War's as Good as Over

The Home Guard tie also has already been designed and is on sale in most areas, and if the Home Guard tie can become as popular and carry as much weight as certain other ties the future of the Force should be assured.

—*Country Life*, London

War Work

Then I find in the White Paper recording the war services of peers and M.P.s that Lord Macmillan, Lord Crewe and Lord Rushcliffe are mentioned for their work on the "Political Honors Scrutiny Committee."

—Hannen Swaffer in the *Daily Herald*, London

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As Others See Us

The Lush United States

By Alistair Cooke

The Listener, Organ of the B.B.C.

I AM going to try to describe for you the landscape that Americans inherit; to show you what they have done to it and what, during the past two generations, it has done to them. There are two ways of going about this. I could be breezy and picturesque about America and its people, using vivid adjectives to describe its mountains and plains, and then polish off the American character with a few mystical phrases which might sound very deep, but would be deep only in the sense of being profoundly silly. I mention this very attractive method of describing a country and a people because it is the normal procedure of novelists, professional travellers and what are known as distinguished visitors. Let us call it the gypsy method, for it has a lot in common with those dark-eyed ladies in shawls who get you settled behind a curtain of beads, spread out your palm, and begin to tell you impressive things about your health, character, love-life and approaching legacy.

Well, I am a journalist—that is to say, half gypsy, three-eighths day-dreamer and one-eighth scientist. But I shall do my best to say something about the effect of an immense and varied landscape on the history and character of its people. Let us begin humbly by saying that the United States is a continental landscape; it takes in climates that usually belong to different countries. If I got up from where I am talking, I could go over to the window and see children tobogganing under plane trees in Central Park. But if this talk were being given, say, three hundred miles north, from some place in Vermont, the children would be ski-ing to school under red spruce and white pine. Six hundred miles south, down in South Carolina, I suppose that some barefoot boy today sat in a live oak tree and got sick on strawberries. Further south still, some rich young New Yorker lay on the sands of Florida, smearing herself with cream to relieve the heavy sunburn she picked up today. Yet only four-hundred-odd miles northwest of her in Georgia soon the rains will be raining every day. Seventeen hundred miles west again, in Phoenix, Arizona, the most certain way to go bankrupt would be to try to make a business out of raincoats, for there the climate is so like that of Egypt that the first thing people thought of growing was Egyptian cotton.

BUT here is another thing about the United States—it is a continental landscape but it is fairly evenly settled. Having said that, I want to take

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it back again. A mountain State like Wyoming has only two persons to every square mile, whereas New York has over two hundred and sixty and New Jersey four hundred and twenty. I do not know which of these figures impresses you the more. Certainly a Japanese would envy the breathing space of the people of Wyoming. But a hundred years ago it would have seemed like a miracle that two white men could be living in health and comfort on any square mile in Wyoming. A hundred years ago there were not many more than two people to the square mile all around Chicago. In those days when you said "the West" you meant Illinois and Missouri, and even Ohio. Fifty years before that the roaring industrial city of Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania was on the furthest western edge of the colonial settlement, just on the fringe of the unknown. It was called "The Northwest Territory." Today, a thousand miles west of Pittsburgh there are twenty-three persons per square mile living in the farming state of Kansas; so there are in the huge state of Texas which, if you could lift it on to a map of Europe, would reach from Rome to Copenhagen, and from Copenhagen to just inside the Russian border.

The point I am trying to make is not that America is a big country, or that many Americans moved west in a short time, which they did; but that they moved west and multiplied, and you can only do that where the land is good to you, where there is rich grass and abundant fruit and cotton growing wild, and in unbelievable places a never-ending flow of oil and coal and sudden exciting deposits of silver. The point I am making is that America is rich—or rather, America was rich, for this paradise of natural resources was something that the nineteenth-century Americans of the eastern seaboard stumbled on with a cry of delight and wallowed in for fifty years and more with all the gusto of a hungry giant. As they trooped on west, small families sick of cities, wanting to make their own living on the promised land, immigrants from enclosed farms in Europe, disappointed business men, younger sons, high-minded New Englanders wanting to civilize some other virgin soil; as they marched on through Spring and Summer and Fall, they could hardly believe their eyes.

IN 1857 the War Department commissioned one Lieut. Edward Beale to survey a wagon road from Fort Defiance, Arizona, to the Colorado River. His party set out in June on camels from San Antonio, Texas. Lieut. Beale kept a diary and described the landscape as they went along. He was constantly delighted by the luxurious tall grass that cushioned the floor of valleys as wide as twenty-five miles. On the little Colorado River near Winslow, Arizona, he writes: "The more I see of the little Colorado, the better I like it. The soil seems fertile and bears good meadow grass in all parts, while the plains extending from its banks as far as one can see are covered with rich gramma grass."

In 1938, Washington sent out its photographers in the footsteps of Beale's trail. They have published their findings, and it is a grim little

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book. At that spot on the little Colorado, they found a wild river in occasional flood. The banks are naked of any kind of vegetation. The river carries today something like fifty per cent silt. All along the route they found dry wash, where there had once been running streams; plains that had lost a foot of soil, hopelessly over-grazed. Where there had been lush valleys, there was now only a table of sand, and struggling weed with a barbed wire fence running through it to the horizon like a stitch through a big wound.

Now what, you may say, has this to do with the American scene and the American character? Just this. Between the journey of Lieut. Beale and the journey of Government photographers eighty-one years later, the pioneers came. What they did to that rich land, and the revenge that land has taken is the single most dramatic symbol of an American approach to society, to the good life, that bankrupted not only one-third of the entire landscape, but created the railroad baron, great industrial monopolies, that inflated real-estate values in cities to ridiculous levels, and milked dry the nineteenth-century promise of American life.

Today, older Texas can still boast the original blessings of the great age. No wonder that whenever I go down there I always think Texans seem to be living in the golden glow of the Coolidge dollar, for they have a warm and reckless hospitality that was a universal American habit up to 1929.

I have gone into the enviable glory that is Texas because it represents today the Indian summer of a natural American prosperity, and its people have the easy confidence of their landscape

> Where never is heard a discouraging word,
> And the skies are not cloudy all day,

as the old cowboy song says. Texas has continued the expansive mood of the nineteenth century only because it had the luck to have oil and cotton. If it had only great stretches of grazing land, it would be feeling today much as Nebraska and Colorado and Western Kansas and Oklahoma are feeling; feeling that the land was prostrated by the energy of earlier Americans, and that now it must be nursed slowly back to health, and it's going to take a new kind of American character to do it.

IN the big cities all over the Continent, the ordinary man feels the same way about speculation, about making money. Even as late as the middle and late 'twenties he felt much as the pioneers felt about the West. The more you put in, the more you get out. Now, very reluctantly, Americans are admitting that there is no more frontier, and that even American resources are exhaustible. But, while they were settling and using those resources, they developed habits of furious energy. In colonial times and through the early nineteenth century, the Yankee—that is, the homegrown New Englander—was famous for his ingenuity, his wooden clocks and sewing machines, and other brain children that were so much admired in London at the Crystal Palace Exhibition in 1851. His was the chief impulse to go

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out and tame the American Continent. But he was a shrewd and careful amateur. Since he refused to be beaten and because the landscape put up a tremendous challenge to the mere ability to stay alive, he managed to grow with that challenge. Back in the white, pretty towns of New England, the only ingenuity you needed once you had learned how to grow crops and keep warm was to add to the graces of life; to invent pleasing knick-knacks. What was needed, in fact, was something that seems to flourish in all small-scale landscapes, namely, craftsmanship. But as the landscape grew bolder, so did his ingenuity. There was a bridge over the Potomac which Lincoln called "the bean-pole and corn-stalk bridge." It was thrown up in nine days by Union soldiers and was made of round sticks with the bark left on. It was four stories high and carried about twenty trains a day. For the 1860s it was as much a miracle of engineering as Boulder Dam or the great San Francisco Oakland Bay Bridge is today.

As the country became more completely settled or, put it in another way, as the area you could work in began to shrink, Americans seemed to decide they would make up in depth what they were losing in width. After the turn of the century, if you determined to push the frontier west, you would fall into the Pacific. They couldn't work it *ex*tensively any more, so they turned with a vengeance to work *in*tensively, and if the United States came a long way materially between 1850 and 1900, it's nothing compared with what has been done to its landscape and its life since.

Before 1900, visitors to the United States who enjoyed themselves here had to be rather sturdy people, who would not ask for the elegance and comforts of European capitals; they must put up with muddy roads, few hotels, jovial but mixed company, amateur theatricals or imported European stars in the theaters of New York.

READING an old edition of Baedeker published about 1905, I have many times laughed myself to sleep, for it describes a people, a landscape, and a way of life that in my experience may be true only of the further reaches of the Nile. It is almost impossible to believe that thirty years later Americans getting ready to go to Europe should arrive, flushed with excitement, and then find to their gaping surprise that it was Europe where you could not get food in any small town after certain fixed hours. It was Europe where arrangements for keeping warm or taking a bath seemed quaint and primitive. In Europe the process of techniques had tended to follow class lines, or at least to fall into the laps of the people who could afford them. But in America, Edison wasn't interested in selling electric light to country estates; he wanted to light a whole town. The American dress industry never meant to make clothes, as its Parisian opposite does, for a handful of rich women; it wants to make the women of an entire continent dress cheaply, neatly and with a sense of style.

Henry Ford thought that the automobile was useless unless you could make it essential for farmers and gro-

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cers and most families to have. In 1940 there was one car for every four people in the country, and the United States, with three-quarters of the world's cars, had long ago ceased to regard them as anything but a convenience. Whether he meant to or not, Mr. Ford transformed the tempo and the scale of American life; and the things that all Americans take for granted, wherever they may be today, are much more important as factors of national unity than the delightful differences in folk ways between a French town in Louisiana, a Swedish town in Minnesota, a Polish town on Long Island.

The United States—at least one generation of it—now takes for granted a network of cement highways all across and up and down the country from coast to coast, anywhere you care to go. It takes for granted a dozen restaurants in every main street in every small town in the mountains of New Hampshire in the deserts of the Southwest, through all the farming Midwest, through the bayous of Louisiana, the brown foot-hills of the Rockies.

Last summer, in a town of two streets in the middle of Kansas' golden plains, I asked an old man how he took to air-conditioned restaurants. The town had five. He shook his head and said: "These young people don't know what it's all about. I rode here from California on horseback when I was young and foolish, and you had to learn to go two days without water. Now they've got air-conditioned auto-camps all the way."

His contempt for a new America was doubtless a concession to the spirit of his generation, but it was also only his tribute to a romantic view of his youth. He was a pretty good example of a man straddling an old America and the new—an old landscape and a new landscape.

Feline Behavior Under Bombs

A friend in Devonshire tells me that his cats behave just like natural uninstructed men in air raids. They rush out on to the lawn and stand there, gazing up at the noisy sky. In London, they are more sophisticated. Not being permitted, even on chains, in human air raid shelters, they mostly have a private plan of their own. One cat habitually makes for the roof of the shelter and defends it against any other members of the tribe. Another is said to respond to the banshee wail every time by jumping into the sand-box kept for dealing with incendiary bombs. She argues, no doubt, that if there *is* a fire she will be found at once and removed.

—*The Listener*, London

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Stricter rationing and increasing R.A.F. raids add to wartime rigors

A Traveler in the Reich

By 'A NEUTRAL CORRESPONDENT'

The Times, London Independent Conservative Daily

TO travel in Germany today is a real undertaking. On lines where several expresses used to run daily you will perhaps find only one slow train. If you are at the station twenty minutes before the scheduled time you are likely to be barred from the platform, the carriages being already overfilled, and you must turn away to try again on the morrow. I never managed to get to any train in time to find it other than crowded with soldiers, women, children, and luggage, even in the corridors. How early one should go to be sure of a seat I never found out.

Sleeping cars may be used only by men, but if by chance a bunk should be free at noon of the day of travel a woman may book it—but she must have been born with a caul to have such luck. The second-class compartments are crammed with officers. With my second-class ticket I stood day in, day out in a third-class corridor. The trains are incredibly dirty and uncared for, no soap or towels in the lavatories, and everything recalls travel farther east. Dining cars are very rare. During a twenty-four hours' journey there were no refreshment facilities, except that in the afternoon the train stopped two hours to enable passengers to seek food, and in the morning for twenty minutes to breakfast at a small station. All one could get was an unsavory soup and beer; no bread, meat, or butter.

After a journey so long and distressing there is a new problem: how to find a room. To a stranger it seems as if during the war everything alive has moved into hotels. You may go from one to another until your legs will carry you no longer, everywhere to be met by porters who are incredibly indifferent and merely repeat that the house is overfilled. You may at last get a converted bathroom or a trestle-bed in one of the halls. For this you will feel very

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grateful. Some explain that the missing trains are used for transporting troops, others that Germany is short of lubricating oils and wheel grease.

As for food, the conditions are much what they were when I visited Germany in the autumn. Meat rations are the same—500 grammes (less than one pound) a week. Poultry, though not rationed, is almost impossible to obtain. Butter rations are 125 grammes for three weeks, and 62½ grammes for the fourth week. If there is not enough butter artificial honey is given instead. Bread is sufficient and still good in Germany, but in Czechoslovakia it is intermixed largely with potatoes, and is so heavy that people unused to it are bound to have stomach trouble. Sugar rations are a kilogram a month, and it is difficult to make them last out. No coffee or tea is available for ordinary citizens, except 60 grammes last Christmas and a further 60 grammes in February. A strange drink of malt and dried figs takes the place of coffee; the diluted juice of raspberries, strawberries, blackberries, etc., serves as tea. Pudding powder, tomato sauce, fruit jellies, and groats are among the foods rationed in very small doses, but those doing "heavy work" receive extra rations and those doing "heaviest work" still more. Chocolate and sweets are reserved for children, the ration as far as available being 100 grammes a month. Unskimmed milk too is reserved for children, expectant and nursing mothers; other adults receive a quarter of a liter of skimmed milk a day. Potatoes and vegetables may be bought without cards, but vegetables are very scarce. Roots (swedes) and cabbage, as well as unappetizing dried vegetables, are practically all one sees in the shops. Occasionally one may be fortunate enough to obtain half a kilogram of apples or oranges; then they disappear for a long time again. It is obvious that the present fare in Germany offers little chance of culinary extravagance. Anyone unaccustomed to the diet has a constant feeling of unstilled hunger; yet there is sufficient to fill the stomach. There are indeed many over-fat people still to be seen. It is difficult to explain this phenomenon.

ONE factor should be mentioned: families with sons or fathers in France have been able to count on additions to their rations. The occupation army is not subject to rationing in France, though the rations for French people are small indeed. "We never feed from our canteens in France," said a German non-com to me. "We can get what we like without cards in the restaurants. Frenchmen cannot go out to eat, for they must see that their food coupons do not run short for the home. And we get 20 francs for a mark. It is real Utopia for us if you think also how cheap wine is there."

But soldiers and officers are not satisfied with living at the cost of the French. They send food and clothing to their people at home. At first there were rather strict regulations limiting parcels to two kilograms a person each month, but after a time these rules fell into abeyance. In one German home from which a son had been in France from the beginning but was now back on leave the housewife proudly showed

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me five bags of coffee with at least a couple of kilograms in each, large bags of rice and oatmeal, dried fruit, preserved tomatoes, and choice fruits; and she told me how her good boy had obtained several pairs of silk stockings, a length of cloth, a dress, and undergarments to send home to his mother. I saw from other recipients that similar methods of plunder were practiced in the other occupied countries. The Germans at home spoke of it as a matter of course. Apart from this private traffic, various commodities noticeably increased in the open market after each occupation. During my visit some fear was reflected that unregulated traffic of this kind might have undesirable consequences; and soldiers in Bulgaria were allowed to receive only a small part of their pay on the spot, lest the plunder entailed by purchasing (though with "good money") so many presents should turn the Bulgarians against the Germany army.

My travels in Germany did not take me to the most severely bombed towns. In Berlin, districts which have been hit are quickly fenced off or provided with scaffolding to suggest building work in progress. My nights in the German capital were calm, but I was told of "particularly severe" raids recently, one lasting six hours, during which my acquaintances knew of dwelling-houses that had been badly hit and people killed or injured. But the Berliners in general have ceased to seek refuge in shelters when the alarm sounds. They stay in their beds, reasoning that the chances of a bomb hitting "just me" are small. Cinemas open betimes to enable audiences to get home before the bombing begins, and people go to bed earlier to get some hours of sleep. The thorough black-out and the rarity of taxis make evening life unattractive. If, however, you go out into the pitch darkness you may come upon a brilliantly lighted area where men are at work, night and day alike, to remove the marks of recent bombing. When such an area suddenly becomes dark "Englishmen are expected."

While for many life has become more serious, their powers of endurance being exhausted, Berlin is lively in some respects. The war has had a stimulating influence on some temperaments, and a large capital has many types. Beer and wine cellars, music-halls, and cabarets are mostly full of people, who thus forget the risks and insecurity around them. Nobody thinks of saving money: what would be the good, since nobody knows what a mark is worth or whether it will buy anything at all tomorrow? "They drink as never before in Berlin," I heard said more than once. But the feast must soon end. An incipient scarcity of spirits and liqueurs is already noticeable in the shops, and the yield of wine last year was very poor. Many wine-houses have already closed for lack of supplies.

WHAT do Germans say among themselves about the war? Well, the talk about invading England which dominated everything in the Autumn is no longer heard. Likewise nothing is heard now about quick victory. To a stranger in the train or place of amusement Germans are naturally sure of

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winning. And there is a note of world-conquest pride in the voice of soldiers and officers when they talk of Poland, France, Denmark, Norway, and other countries as their own possessions. But if you get a German alone he will most likely admit he has begun to feel nervous, wondering what has become of all the Führer's promises. The chances are he will shake his head, if a little mellow, and say that "if we don't win by September the devil only knows what may be expected, as we can hardly manage another war Winter."

FROM critical foreign residents I learnt that the industrial output has sunk by 25 to 30 per cent. It is quite credible that the peak of efficiency cannot be maintained indefinitely. Sooner or later a reaction from the effort must set in, with weariness and the lack of proper vitamins, and the disturbed nights contribute their quota to the general decline. But where the dividing line is between genuine tiredness and sickness on the one hand and deliberate sabotage on the other is difficult to decide. Many factory workers begin to look upon the war as already hopeless. But the step is long from this depression to deliberate striving for defeat. On the contrary, one gets the impression that many who do not believe in Hitler hope nevertheless for victory as the only means to avoid the terrors to be expected from a German defeat and from the universal hate the Hitler campaigns have generated for things German.

Freedom Stirs in France

At first, when we only had contact with the peasants, collaboration was frank and open. But since the return of the middle classes the situation has changed. Intense propaganda has developed against us, and we have been obliged to realize that, at the bottom of their hearts, this middle class still entertains the hope of a British victory.

You ask me if you think a revolution is possible in France at the present time? I don't think so, because at the moment the French people are disarmed and powerless. But as soon as we leave the country, and set free the 2,000,000 prisoners who constitute the youngest and most lively part of the nation, revolution might break out. The war is not finished or decided. The national conscience of the French people, which is waking up, is revolting against the political recognition of defeat.

—A German military correspondent in *Regime Fascista*, Rome

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The policy of the United States in Latin America is bearing fruit

Mexico Becomes More Friendly

Hoy, Mexico, D. F., Liberal Weekly

THERE is a tendency among many intellectuals to disparage North American culture in comparison with that of Europe and to pretend that the United States is devoid of genius. We must open our eyes to reality and realize that the Yankee of today is no longer the prairie cowboy who chews tobacco and receives his friend with his feet on the table. Neither should we confuse the United States with the movie studios of Hollywood. Aside from its universities, its concerts, its museums, the most insignificant town in our neighbor country has a well-organized collective life —a bank, hospital, library, school system. Not all North Americans live on Wall Street, symbol of avarice, nor on Main Street, symbol of vulgarity. This enormous country has the highest type of primary schools. It publishes daily, by the millions, the best edited and most informative newspapers. It has a marvelous system of libraries. And at least ten of its universities reach the highest European standards. It is absurd that we—who in our poverty have not even been able to spread the alphabet to the majority of our people—should look with contempt on a country which is advancing toward the status of the intellectual center of the world. We deceive ourselves without being able to transmit our self-conceit to others.

Questions on the foreign policy of our country which were asked in the Mexican Senate have been answered by our Minister of Foreign Affairs, Don Ezequiel Padilla, in a pointed and eloquent speech in which the following three basic points were particularly stressed. First, that Mexico is not and never has been a strong political power and that such a nation must base its sovereignty on right rather than brute force. Therefore, it cannot applaud the aggressions of which other small, independent countries

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have been the victims. Second, that as our people are mainly *mestizos* of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, we cannot accept the thesis of superiority based on the purity of the Aryan race. Third, that the State Department of the United States having embarked on a new foreign policy based on justice and the reciprocal respect of all peoples, Mexico should not oppose the solidarity of the Continent by reviving resentments from the past.

These three points are so clear that they can only be accepted without reservation or restriction. If Mexico could applaud the conquest of Ethiopia, by what moral right could she protest tomorrow against the absorption of her territory by a foreign power? If we accepted complacently the infamous peace imposed on Finland, the *coup d'état* provoked in Rumania, the invasions of Poland and Norway, of Denmark and Holland, of Belgium and Greece, on what basis could we in the future invoke the protection of right and justice?

—*Daily Herald*, London

The strong may despise these sacred principles whenever it is convenient, but voluntary complicity in such misdeeds is a stupid act of suicide for weak countries.

The most important part of the Foreign Minister's speech was that devoted to explaining Mexico's close bonds with the Pan-American ideal or, to speak frankly, with the United States' foreign policy. After enumerating the proofs of friendship toward our country from the Administration of President Roosevelt, and referring to fifth-column efforts to revive past grievances against the United States, he made the following dignified statement:

"In these times, an integrated patriotism should not express itself in suspicious fear and mistrust. A policy exclusively based on the rancors of the past would be paralyzing, blind and reactionary. Civilization is built on forgetting the distant past. Otherwise, the world would never emerge from the dark jungle of low passions."

After this, the Minister dwelt on the mutual advantages of Pan-American understanding. "What is saturation in the United States is opportunity for us Ibero-American peoples. To link the techniques, the science, the creative capital of the one with the great potential resources and the extraordinary opportunities of the other is an objective which can be attained without

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appeal to violence, within the orbit of fraternity, with the advantage of not only giving us the material strength which will make us militarily and economically invulnerable but of leading us to the highest attainments of civilization. It is this which makes us feel that our security demands the establishment of the most complete union and the closest friendship in the Americas."

WE are not unaware that such a program of reconstruction is opposed by many Mexicans who sincerely believe that bitterness toward the United States is a patriotic duty. Many remember with great satisfaction the attack of Pancho Villa against the little town of Columbus, Texas, forgetting that this barbarous deed provoked General Pershing's punitive expedition and, still worse, the killing of hundreds of Mexicans peacefully living in the southern part of the United States. The recrudescence of ancient hates can only produce new conflicts and bitterness from which we—the weaker—are bound to be the worst sufferers.

One might tolerate a Nazi conquest —without justifying it—if it resulted in any indirect advantage to our country. But what can our *mestizo* people hope from the fanatics who carry their racial prejudice to the point of burning the works of Heinrich Heine and of exiling scientists like Albert Einstein? If the Nazis are so relentless toward men with German blood in their veins who enjoy universal prestige, what would they do to our indigenous masses?

It cannot be denied that Hitler's enemies—England and the United States—also hold racial prejudices. Though the British Empire owes its greatness to the amalgamation of Saxons with Normans, it has always avoided other ethnic admixtures. North Americans treat Negroes with contempt, and in a few Southern States they erect insulting barriers against our own compatriots. But, nevertheless, they have not made an implacable doctrine of this prejudice.

It is clear that when Mexico compares the work of Spain in America with that of other nations, it must bless the Mother Country. English settlers in the New World, as in India and Australia, remained aloof from the natives in order the better to dominate them from an arrogant plane of dogmatic superiority. No Anglo-Indian homes were established in the United States. The French did not amalgamate with the aborigines of Canada or Louisiana. Neither have the Dutch allowed themselves to blend with the tribes of Guiana.

Only Spain and Portugal have the merit of having contributed to the birth of new races in America. Other settlers, instead of blending with the generous soil which fed them and the hospitable peoples who served them, continued to sacrifice other interests to those of the distant Motherland.

The Spanish conquistadores, on the other hand, by uniting with Indian women, established bonds of union between the oppressors and the oppressed. When the Spaniard saw the brown color and Aztec profiles of his children, he desired to dignify the In-

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dians in order to ennoble his own descendants.

The Nordic peoples saved their spirit and their blood for Europe. Since the formation of mixed races generates grave problems for the future, the simplest thing was to prohibit them. Of course, mixture of bloods produces the inevitable consequences of a heterogeneous population. The *mestizo* considers himself on an inferior plane to that of the colonizing race. And while he forms an element of union between the two races, it is also an element of discontent, always ripe for rebellion. As early as the sixteenth century, Don Martin Cortes, son of the conqueror of Anahuac, warned the Spanish by his attempted insurrection, that the intermediate race, then in the process of formation, contained the germs of future explosions. This, however, did not interrupt its growth; interracial unions continued and ultimately created a people different from those of the Peninsula and willing to fight for their autonomy.

This proves that Spain was an authentic mother who, rather than being satisfied with ruling a subjugated population, preferred to run the risk of the children developing their own personalities, even though they might, on reaching maturity, establish their independence by rebellion.

SINCE the Germans did not colonize America, they are free of any accusation as to their treatment of indigenous peoples, but since they have prohibited interracial unions in their own land, it is not difficult to infer what they would do to Spanish America once they laid their hands on this continent.

The studies of the Augustine monk Mendel in the middle of the last century formulated certain laws governing the crossings of different species. Such findings are within the jurisdiction of science, but it is pseudo-science to affirm that the crossing of races results in the birth of an inferior people. History shows that races which claim to be superior often decline. Germany defeated France in 1870, to be defeated in 1918. What was done at Versailles was undone at Munich.

Our Foreign Minister was right when he said that "these absurdities can upset the souls only of those who replaced their faith in the creators of our nation with faith in foreign dictatorship."

The Food Problem in New Europe

On the Cote d' Azur a kilogram of butter costs 180 francs ($3.20 per pound); 1 kilo spinach 100 francs ($1.80 per pound); 1 kilo bread 30 francs (50 U. S. cents per pound). The daily bread ration is now 125 grams (less than 1/4 of a pound). Émigrés and refugees in the unoccupied parts of France (Alpes Maritimes, capital Nice) are not allowed to live in private homes and have private apartments. They must live in hotels.

—Letter in *Neue Volkszeitung*, New York

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The Slow Death of Belgium

News Chronicle, London Liberal Daily

THERE is a slogan among the unemployed of Belgium: "*S'il faut mourir c'est mieux mourir à la patrie!*" (If you have to die, better die at home.) One day it will be famous, for it expresses both the tragedy and the heroic resolve of thousands of Belgian workers.

Two thirds of Belgium's industries have ceased to work, partly because they have lost their markets, but mostly because of the lack of raw materials. Coal mines are an exception. They are worked even harder than before the occupation to fulfill Germany's demands for coal.

The vast armies of unemployed Belgians are faced with starvation at home or slavery in the Reich. Those who refuse work offered to them by the Reich are no longer entitled to unemployment benefit. But work in the Reich means rotten food, bad housing and wages of which only part is paid out while another part is "frozen" in Germany, so that the workers are unable to send anything to their families in Belgium.

Those who are still in employment in Belgium find that their wages, in spite of repeated promises, are not adjusted to the cost of living. And if they want to buy a little extra luxury such as sausage they have to pay 150 francs for one kilogram.

Rations to be obtained legally are insufficient. Bread is down to 225 grams per head, rice to 200 grams per month and other foods to eke out these meager rations, such as dried peas, are unobtainable.

Meat has disappeared from the average Belgian table since December last, and "Au Bon Marché," the big store in Brussels, has closed down its meat, butter and egg department.

Newspapers have ceased publication, with a few exceptions which still appear, though against the will of their owners. Newsprint still available is used for pure Nazi publications.

Schools had to dismiss their Jewish teachers and many of the University professors have been replaced by Germans. A special commission set up by the Germans is now engaged in revising old school text-books and references to the last War and everything hostile to Germany is to be eliminated. Banks are under the orders of a German official, who controls foreign currency and disposes of the contents of those safes the owners of which have left the country.

Judging from the first three months of this year, the Germans are likely to need 40,000,000,000 francs for their occupation army and administrative staff in Belgium during 1941. This money is partly to come from the Belgian revenue, partly it is being printed by the Nazis in Belgium. The vicious circle of inflation has thus started a long time ago and the Belgians are try-

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ing to save some of their money by investing it in Belgian Congo securities in which a limited dealing is still possible.

Leon Degrelle and his pro-Nazi Rexist party are thoroughly discredited, and his last meeting, which was organized at Liège, provoked counter-manifestations of the most violent character.

Far more serious as regards German interests is the sabotage which has spread to important factories. There were conflagrations in the oil industry of Hoboken les Anvers and in the rubber factory of Saventhen les Bruxelles. At Juprelles and Fauvillers telephonic cables were cut and pages could be filled with similar occurrences.

German reprisals largely consist in the recalling of Belgian prisoners of war who had already returned to their homes and in fines so high that they impoverish whole communities.

They have thus arrested recently fifteen reserve officers from Mons as a reprisal for damage done to telephone communications and the districts of Liège and Vervières were sentenced to pay 3,000,000 francs for similar offences. Vervières, which was unable to find the money even under compulsion eventually got off at a bargain of a mere 2,000,000 francs!

Germs and the War

The Ministry of Health have given me such a nice transparent shield for my nose and mouth. It makes me immune from your coughing (or spitting) and you from my coughing (or spitting). And if you don't spit, ask the Ministry of Health and they will tell you just how many germs you spit onto your transparent shield in half-an-hour's talking. You should wear this shield, it seems, in the Underground, where, at first, people may laugh at you, harmlessly sprinkling you with germs in the process, and in shelters, where people are already getting used to the idea. I have tried eating in one without much success; to smoke while wearing it I shall need a very special cigarette holder or churchwarden pipe; but I can talk without interruption. Special *yashmak* shields have been invented for women who wish to enhance their charms and at the same time avoid influenza. All the experts expected shelter epidemics before now; one of the main reasons why they have not appeared seems to be that the shelters are not nearly so crowded as they were, and that the same groups meet every night and get immunized against their own germs.

—"Critic" in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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In Latin America

The Silent War

A SILENT war between the United States and the Axis is under way in Latin America. In that conflict, Washington is taking the offensive with increasing success but, as in all wars, this country is suffering occasional setbacks.

Among these setbacks was the recent revival of the old frontier dispute between Equador and Peru, a dispute which had been agitated by nationalist, pro-Fascist elements in both countries. It would have been of enormous satisfaction to the Axis at this time to have had that conflict flame into war, and in fact such a war, even if localized, might have brought to nought all the current efforts at hemisphere solidarity and Pan-American defense. But the United States' offer at mediation, seconded by Brazil and Argentina, the next largest countries in the Western Hemisphere, prevented an outbreak of hostilities.

Ecuador's long-standing grievance against Peru, however, remains unsettled. All maps of South America still designate a region to the west of Ecuador, three times as large as that country, as "disputed territory." Claims to these largely unexplored Andean and Amazon jungles lay dormant until a few years ago when the establishment of airlines gave them new importance, for in them lie the hitherto inaccessible headwaters of the Amazon from which either of the two Pacific countries would have a clear waterway to the Atlantic; sea-going vessels can travel to and from the port of Iquitos, in the disputed territory, though it is 3,000 miles from the mouth of the River. Ecuador's claim to the region is based on the fact that when, some decades ago, she ceded it to Colombia, it was with the express condition that it should never go to Peru, which would then surround Ecuador on the south, east and north. When, soon after, Colombia did turn it over to Peru, Ecuador refused to recognize the transaction.

The offer of mediation from the United States, Argentina and Brazil was immediately accepted by Ecuador, but Peru demurred. Since she is much the stronger of the two countries and is in more or less actual control of the territory, she considers any proposal for mediation as inimical to her right of possession. Moreover, the sale of several small American warships to Ecuador at this juncture seemed untimely to Peruvians and those hostile to the North American country refused to accept it as a coincidence only.

An event by no means as spectacular as the threatened war in the Andes but one which may have a more detrimental effect on hemisphere co-opera-

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tion was the passage of the Adams-Mahoney Sugar Bill by the United States Senate. This would deprive Latin-American countries of the right granted them under the Sugar Act of 1937 to supply the United States with an amount of raw sugar equal to that by which the Philippines fall short of filling their import quota. The new Bill would allot all but 75,000 of the Philippine deficit to domestic beet-sugar growers, whose profits would be greatly increased at the cost of alienation of many Latin-American countries.

Passage of the bill was almost unnoticed here, in the love feast of words about the new Pan-American solidarity, but by no means so in South America, particularly in Peru, which will be the country most affected. In the past two years Peru has gradually turned away from the pro-Fascist influences which were dominant under her former military dictatorship, but such short-sighted United States actions are made-to-order propaganda for the local Fascists and Falangists. Meanwhile, Japan, which has important direct shipping lines to Peru, has announced its intention of buying half the country's cotton crop this year and of increasing purchases of copper, molybdenum, tungsten and vanadium —all necessary war materials.

On the more hopeful side, it may be noted that all German-owned or controlled airlines have been expropriated by the Peruvian Government and replaced by United States lines and that Captain William M. Quigley of the United States Navy was recently appointed chief of staff of the Peruvian Navy.

In Bolivia, the German-controlled airline, Lloyd Aereo Boliviano, which had an exclusive franchise, has also been expropriated and replaced by an American service; the United States has now succeeded in freezing out all Axis airlines in South America with the exception of one or two in Brazil.

Recent reports from Bolivia revealed that many large American firms were still represented there by outspoken Nazis or Nazi sympathizers; one, it was claimed, contributed as much as $500 monthly to the local Nazi fund from his profits on American goods. The indirect answer of Nelson Rockefeller, Co-ordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations Between the American Republics for National Defense, was to announce that, at the request of the Departments of State and Commerce, United States exporting firms have replaced hundreds of pro-Axis representatives and that "thousands of companies" are continuing the weeding out of anti-American elements.

A GREAT deal more than fine words contributed to good-will in Argentina, formerly the Latin-American country most hostile to the United States: the report by the Buenos Aires Chamber of Commerce that Argentine exports to the United States in May 1941 were $16,694,000 as compared with $5,544,000 in May 1940, an all-time record, and that the $72,405,000 of exports to the United States in the first five months of the year were almost double those in the same period last year.

—S. N.

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Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted in The Living Age, *July 1916*

IN JULY 1916, *The Living Age* published the German war aims as outlined by R. W. Seton-Watson in *The Contemporary Review:* "The victorious Balkan campaign conducted last Autumn by the Central Powers aided by treacherous Bulgaria, revealed, as by a flash of lightning, the vast designs which underlie Germany's military operations. Serbia is the gate of the East, and its warders had to be dispossessed, if Germany was to assure her command of Constantinople and the decaying Turkish heritage. There are three stages in the Pan-German plan—first, the creation of 'Mitteleuropa,' a great central European state-organism of 130,000,000 to 150,000,000 inhabitants, as an economic and military unit; second, the realization of the dream of 'Berlin-Bagdad,' by the inclusion within the political and economic sphere of influence of the new *Zollverein* of all the territory lying between the Hungarian frontier and the Persian Gulf; and third, the achievement of naval supremacy and world-power. Britain is faced by the alternative of opposing this program or accepting it as inevitable."

Seton-Watson's conclusion was: "Establish one nation supreme over the Continent, controlling the destinies of a whole group of its neighbors, and you must surely inaugurate a new era of armaments and racial strife, accentuated tenfold by revolution, bankruptcy and social upheaval. The theory of racial domination, whether it be Prussian, Magyar, Turk or Bulgarian, must be replaced by a program of free and untrammeled development for every race. The super-nation must follow the superman into the limbo of history."

Germany was beginning to suffer from food shortage, in her war for lebensraum, and the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* strongly recommended the keeping of milch ewes.

A writer on "German War Literature" in *The Contemporary Review* quoted the racial views, under the title *England*, of Professor Eduard Meyer, whose "reputation deserves attention": "Although Heinrich von Treitschke expressly allowed the employment of colored subjects in warfare, the whole of modern Germany expresses the bitterest anger at the action of France and Great Britain in sending colored troops to help repel the German attacks. Professor Meyer writes:

" 'In like manner, England is not ashamed to let loose hoardes of yellow, brown and black men against Germany. The two peoples (England and

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France) who announce themselves to be the champions of culture against the Huns, are indeed worthy of one another. . . . Still it is an indisputable fact that Germany's war against England is in reality a war for . . . the true independence of the nations of the world. . . . Worst of all things, however, which the war has brought to light, is the ruthlessness shown by England and the appalling decadence of English character. The world knew long ago . . . how little the Englishman cares about 'fair play' when his own advantage is concerned; but no one had imagined the depths of immorality which the war has revealed."

Professor Meyer added a footnote after the sinking of the Lusitania: "This policy [of unlimited submarine warfare] has been carried out, and let us hope it will go on with undiminished ruthlessness without regard to the screams of neutrals—above all, those raised by America."

The Saturday Review (London) reflected on the lessons of the Battle of Jutland (night of May 31-June 1): "The losses are very severe on both sides, proving that scientific weapons of attack in naval warfare have gained empire over defensive construction. But Mr. [Arthur] Balfour has no doubt at all that the German losses are heavier than our own, absolutely heavier relatively to the total strength of the two fleets." In the final reckoning, it turned out that Balfour was over-optimistic; the Germans lost eleven ships and 2,545 officers and men, the British fourteen ships and 6,097 officers and men, in the largest sea battle of history.

Wilfred O. Randell, in *The Fortnightly Review*, paid a posthumous tribute to "The Art of Mr. Henry James" [who died February 28, 1916]: "His work in its intensity, is a lasting proof of a fact dismissed by too many modern novelists as non-existent or antiquated—that purity is an essential attribute of the highest art."

It was the opinion of the London *Spectator* that, "The American people in choosing their next President will be taking one of the most important decisions in their history. . . . The ideals of Americans of all parties are good because they are democratic, but there are oceans of difference between the various methods of realizing those ideals and exerting them for the benefit of the world. All rational men desire peace, but there are several ways in which men try to guarantee peace, and those who profess to love it most are not always its best friends. . . . To sum up, both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes have used words about the issue of the hour which are in effect blank checks."

—*And Fifty Years Ago (July 1891)*

THE *Living Age* published the observations of an Englishman on "Social Aspects of American Life," including, "The workman with ten shillings a day, the housemaid with fifty or sixty pounds a year, need not be gnawed by envy and hatred of those born in another sphere, such as corrodes the peace of mechanics inoculated with socialistic doctrine in Europe."

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Poems of the Month

Chosen by TOM BOGGS

The Bloody Sire

It is not bad. Let them play.
Let the guns bark and the bombing-plane
Speak his prodigious blasphemies.
It is not bad, it is high time,
Stark violence is still the sire of all the world's values.

What but the wolf's tooth chiseled so fine
The fleet limbs of the antelope?
What but fear winged the birds and hunger
Gemmed with such eyes the great goshawk's head?
Violence has been the sire of all the world's values.

Who would remember Helen's face
Lacking the terrible halo of spears?
Who formed Christ but Herod and Caesar?
The cruel and bloody victories of Caesar?
Violence has been the sire of all the world's values.

Never weep, let them play,
Old violence is not too old to beget new values.

ROBINSON JEFFERS
in *New Poems 1940*

The Mole

When the mole goes digging
He never meets a soul;
The stars are inattentive
To the motions of the mole.

He digs his frantic tunnel
Through chalk and clay and slime
His never ending tunnel
A mouthful at a time,

Alone; no planet bothers
To tell him where to dig;
For moles are very little,
And worlds are very big.

And when his tunnel ceases
The little mole lies stark,
And at his back is dimness
And at his head, the dark.

So to the mole all honor
And the labors of the mole,
With doubtfulness for tunnel
And ignorance for goal.

E. L. MAYO
—in *Compass Anthology*

Winter Journal

The silver sky is quiet as light;
The crystal trees are still and stripped.
The new snow stretches out, a bright
Illuminated manuscript.

Here are the delicate pencillings
Where chickadee and junco were;
Here the faint marks of brushing wings—
A partridge flew, an owl stooped near.

A paragraph of little prints
Tells where the cat went, light of foot;
And capitals that leap the fence
Declare the dog's wild lusty route.

In notes like music, deer went here—
And down along the lower half
Of the white sheet, amused, austere,
The red fox set his autograph.

LOUISE OWEN
—in *Yale Review*

Girl Dozing

By the hair she danced him
unmercifully guessed, so fast

(Continued on page 500)

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Books Abroad

Disclaimer by a Liberal

We Were *Not* All Wrong. *By Geoffrey Mander. London: Gollancz. 1941.*

Time and Tide, London

MANDER'S little book is not only very readable but well worth reading. It is a reply to the argument, put about everywhere just now by the ex-Munichеers, that, during the thirties, we all were equally blind about the German peril. We were not. Some were far blinder than others.

Geoffrey Mander deals, amongst other things, with the attempt made in certain quarters to discredit the Peace Balloters, and to try to pretend that the Peace Ballot was an effort to prevent us going to war in any circumstances whatsoever. To try to suggest that the Peace Balloters (who belonged, of course, to all parties) voted to the effect that in *no* circumstances should we fight, when the whole point of the Ballot was the exact opposite, is pretty cheap and pretty mean.

The business end of the Peace Ballot was question number five. It ran:

"Do you consider that, if a nation insists on attacking another the other nations should combine to compel it to stop by—(*a*) economic and non-military measures? (*b*) if necessary, military measures?"

Amongst those who signed the Ballot there was something like a sixteen-to-one majority in favor of combining to stop an aggressor by economic and non-military measures (10,096,626 to 639,195), and close on a three-to-one majority in favor of combining to stop it, if necessary, by military measures (6,833,803 to 2,366,184), which in peacetime was pretty remarkable. (Incidentally, the United States is today doing exactly what those who replied "Yes" to question (*a*) were in favor of. The British Empire is doing exactly what those who replied "Yes" to the question (*b*) thought should be done.)

The attempt made by some Tories to saddle the Opposition with the blame for the Government's failure to re-arm between 1931 and 1939 has always seemed to me to be a particularly dirty party trick.

To try to prove that the Labor party was against all war expenditure because until 1937 they voted, as is the common practice of Opposition, against the estimates for the Army, Navy and Air Forces is simply dishonest, and Mr. Mander disposes of it very neatly:

". . . during the period when the Conservative party was in opposition, they regularly voted against the estimates for the maintenance of our diplomatic and consular services abroad. Did this mean that they wanted us to be unrepresented in foreign countries? . . . They voted against the Colonial Service Estimates. Is it suggested that the Conservatives were so little inter-

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ested in the Empire that they did not care whether it was administered or not? They frequently voted against the amount of money required for the upkeep of the Royal Palaces. Would it be reasonable therefore to charge them with being Republicans?"

He goes on to compare the actual amount spent on armaments by the Labor Government during its two years of office 1929-31 with that spent by the National Government which took over from it, during its first two years of office 1932-34. As it happens, the Labor Government spent substantially more during its tenure of office than did the National Government during the following two years. (1932-33, 102.7; 1933-34, 107.3: 1930-31, 109.5; 1931-32, 106.9.)

That is by no means to suggest that the Conservative party as a whole showed itself any more blind to the realities of the terrible situation which was developing right through the thirties than did any other party. On the contrary. The small group of Conservative M.P.s led by Churchill showed greater prescience in the early thirties than did any one else. The *Yorkshire Post*, a Conservative organ, showed itself to be more alive to the realities of the situation than any of the Liberal or Labor dailies. As the thirties wore on the number of Churchillian Conservatives gradually (in spite of Captain Margesson's efforts) increased. By the middle of the thirties the majority of the Labor and Liberal parties held a view which on foreign affairs was practically indistinguishable from theirs. By 1938 almost every intelligent person in the country had come round to their point of view. The only people who still held out were unfortunately those in official control of the Tory machine. Even though the lateness of the Government conversion came near to being disastrous it would be grossly unfair to saddle their whole party with responsibility for their terrible blindness, when it was the Churchillian Conservatives who, backed at last by the whole nation, really succeeded—just in time—in saving the situation.

But it is not only fair, it is important, to remember the facts. Mr. Mander—himself a Liberal—has, no doubt, his prejudices, but for a clear and readable summary of much that has happened during the past ten years I can recommend his book.

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Political Officer

Southwest Persia. *By Sir Arnold Wilson. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1941.*

('Cadmus' in *World Review*, London)

"POLITICAL Officer"! What high romance there is in the very title! Political officers are men seconded from the Indian Army for a variety of duties with neighboring chieftains and tribes, sometimes on the Northwest Frontier, sometimes in Persia or in that mysterious region known generically as "the Persian Gulf." One of them was Sir Arnold Wilson, whose fascinating "letters home" I have just been reading. [Sir Arnold was killed in action early in the War.]

The fault with us, dear Brutus, is that we fondly imagine that we possessed but one Lawrence of Arabia,

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whereas we had many. The feats of the great Lawrence were no greater than those of a score of soldiers, political officers, administrators and consuls. Yes, consuls! A consul may be pictured as a seedy individual, seated in a shabby office, rubber-stamping passports. But consuls in the Levant Service were as much administrators and judges as commercial agents—real outposts of Empire in the most gallant sense of that much used and derided phrase. Would that their stories could be gathered together as an inspiration for a new generation.

Where was this glory of British administration in the difficult East, which we once praised so highly, and later came to discount? Look around amongst the records of these forgotten men and you will find it. Whatever the general merits of the British Imperial system, these men provide a magnificent example of unremitting work and of unselfish service. Here is a tradition which can only be praised and one which holds many lessons for the future.

Wilson was one of the Lawrences. "Oh the great days in the distance enchanted!" And only thirty short years ago! The Ottoman Empire of the Sublime Porte, and the ancient Empire of the Shah-in-Shah, King of Kings, were not yet fallen. Nearly dead, they yet lingered in all their variegated colors. Ataturk had not yet made the bowler hat obligatory in Turkey; Riza Shah had not yet compelled all Iranians to wear a pathetic version of the European yachting cap. Amidst the picturesque decay of these tottering dominions what a man's life offered itself to a young Englishman with red blood in his veins! He still caracoled upon an Arab stallion. The *Pax Britannica* was ever a *"deus ex machina,"* but it did not yet arrive to cast its blessings in a Bren gun carrier.

Arnold Wilson was sprung from that stock which some acclaim the salt of the earth—a well-bred family with not much money. Like Nelson, he was the son of a poor clergyman. With only the pay of a second lieutenant of the 32nd Sikh Pioneers and no influence, he rose to be a gallant soldier, a skilled administrator, a scholarly writer, a member of Parliament, a big leader of industry.

His book is mostly extracts from the private letters he wrote to his beloved father in Gothic Clifton. He admits that they are egotistical; but one always is, and should be, egotistical when writing to one's parents. I am duly grateful for their publication. For they have taken me these last weeks over mighty mountains, across great deserts, through rose-scented valleys, into Persian caravanserais, into the tents of great Khans and wild desert Sheiks.

WHEN I knew Arnold Wilson in his middle age he was still a man of mighty physique. The sepoys complained that the new equipment galled them. "I offered to march thirty-four miles fully accoutred, with a rifle and 200 rounds, in a single night." "I grew a beard, partly to save trouble when travelling. In tribal territory I often dressed as a Persian." "I envy the Bakhtiari tribesmen of Persia their hardy ways, which I try to copy. They

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are happy—as now I am—on one good meal at night, and a fairly good meal of dates and bread at midday. Their staple diet is very thin flakes of barley bread. Fresh milk is seldom drunk, but buttermilk is a universal drink, as also curds and butter, sometimes fresh with bread, more often clarified and used with rice. Lentils are a luxury, as also meat, which is either boiled when the animal is old and tough, or grilled over a wood fire. I live on this fare and nothing else, for I cannot afford to carry about tinned provisions like the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's officials, and would not, even if I could." (Lord Woolton, please note!)

He had little use for the "tough" Canadian engineers whose toughness consisted in consuming vast quantities of expensive but badly cooked tinned meats, complaining of the climate, when their trouble was gastronomical indiscretion in the use of whisky and looking down on "natives," whose hardiness and good manners they would have done well to emulate.

Wilson could ride all day "on a handful of dates"; and he could work sixteen hours a day in the rather warm offices of the Persian Gulf. Where there was a legend that some hero had leapt across a gorge of terrifying width, he would leap it. If a local sheik was a famous marksman, he would match his skill with him.

Going back to England on leave, he worked his passage as a stoker through the Red Sea, working a double shift in case his companions should think he was effeminate.

Persia in those days was far from united, Khans and sheiks, Persian, Arab and Turkish, ruled over their picturesque, noble, savage, nomadic tribes. Wilson, who knew many dialects, was a courageous and nimble diplomat amongst these strange potentates, though on at least one occasion he was dragged from his horse and beaten up, later to be held for ransom, the while he was treated with all the elaboration of Oriental courtesy. At the beginning of his career he was charged with guarding the prospecting which afterwards became the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Painfully he mapped out Persia with his "plane table"—a work which can now be accomplished in a trice from aircraft. He investigated the possibility of railway construction. Just before the war of 1914 he was a member of the commission which finally determined the frontier between Persia and Turkey.

I KNEW, and greatly admired, Arnold Wilson as a social worker in the East End. In his constituency of Hitchin (Herts) he made himself unusually familiar with the conditions of the workers. Yet even in this book a lack of faith in democratic institutions is revealed. He was to live to be the proud recipient of a beautifully printed invitation from Herr Hitler to attend the Nuremberg Conference, and to be a prime supporter of Appeasement. When war came he knew, and admitted, he had been wrong. Calling again to his aid that Samson strength, he, an ageing man, got accepted as an air gunner. He died for freedom.

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Our Own Bookshelf

DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAS. *By André Chéradame. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1941. 355 pages. $3.00.*

Reviewed by JOACHIM JOESTEN

THIS timely book is by one of France's most distinguished historians, who has a long list of well-fulfilled prophecies and unheeded warnings to his credit. By showing, with a wealth of details of the corruption of the French press and the treacherousness of French politicians and generals, how France has been deliberately sold out to Hitler, André Chéradame provides a useful object lesson for Americans.

Some sections of this book remind me vividly of the famous *Dolchstoss-Legende* in Germany, which was one of the most effective weapons in the Nazi drive to power. There is, however, an essential difference. Whereas Hitler's hysterical accusations that the Liberals, Socialists, Jews, Free Masons and so forth had "stabbed Germany in the back" in 1918 did not contain even an ounce of truth, every word of André Chéradame's similar charges against the "five thousand" Frenchmen who helped defeat France stands its ground.

"The French people were not beaten, they were betrayed," that is the gist of what Chéradame has to say about the tragedy of France, and I feel sure that history will vindicate his verdict. In 1934-35, and again in 1938, I had an opportunity of studying at close quarters the almost unbelievable venality of French newspapers, big and small, and I was appalled. As André Chéradame puts it:

"The French people were methodically duped every day for twenty years by the press of all shades of opinion that had been brought under Italo-German control. . . . The worthy French peasant believed everything that he read." Happily, one can say that nothing comparable to the large-scale sapping campaign of the fifth-column press in France exists, as yet, in this country. But it does in large sections of Central and South America, and, therefore, one cannot but agree with the author that to destroy fifth columns everywhere in the Americas is the first step necessary to avert invasion of the Western Hemisphere.

In other sections of his book, André Chéradame presents a complete history of the Pan-German drive for world domination since the days of Frederick the Great. With the almost complete subjugation of Central Europe—"the key to the world"—the first great phase of the struggle is ended. The second round begins. And at this stage of the conflict, American interests, American liberties, American lives are directly involved.

Therefore, having concluded his object lesson in defeated democracies

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and traced the broad outlines of the Pan-German plan for world conquest —to make a detailed study of it, one would probably have to write a whole shelfful of books—André Chéradame winds up his book with a discussion of defense potentialities for the Americas: a vigorous anti-fifth-column campaign, the setting up of home guards similar to those now operating in Great Britain, intensive long-range bombing of Germany, further development of the Pan-American Union—these are some highlights of his defense plan. It is not a panacea, of course, and much of what Chéradame suggests in his book has been said and discussed before, but, none the less, *Defense of the Americas* is a most valuable contribution, because for once it is not the politician who speaks, nor the military man, but the seasoned historian.

The book is not free from occasional lapses into a mild form of chauvinism. Chapter VI, in particular, which deals with "The Responsibility of the German People," is too sweeping, I think, in its accusations against the German people. Like most good French patriots, André Chéradame is inclined to view this war exclusively as another manifestation of an ingrained German lust for war and plunder. He refuses to believe in the theory of the two Germanies, and he also does not seem to see any line of distinction between Prussianism and the German spirit. All this is highly debatable.

Defense of the Americas is well illustrated with maps, especially those showing the various phases of the Pan-German drive for world conquest. But there is need for an index, which should be added in a later edition.

(Joachim Joesten waived his German nationality when the Nazis rose to power and from then until 1940 worked as a Scandinavian correspondent for many American newspapers and periodicals. In Rats in the Larder, *in the Winter of 1939, he predicted the invasion of Denmark early "in the next war"; when this came true, he managed to escape around the world to America, though it took a year to do so.)*

SEA POWER IN THE MACHINE AGE. *By Bernard Brodie. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. 466 pages. $3.75.*

SO NEARLY definitive is this history and analysis of sea power that one wishes providence, if indeed it is operative in such matters, could have produced the crucial Battle of Crete in time for Mr. Brodie's final summation, which as it stands lacks any bias in favor of one or the other contestant in the momentous rivalry of battleship and plane. It is perhaps a failing of the lay mind to demand answers of the experts; this one as much as tells us he knows no more about how things will shape up than we do.

As sea power goes, so go world affairs. It has been true for several centuries at least, as demonstrated by the erstwhile Pax Britannica which rested, finally, upon the hulls and guns of the English Fleet. There is a subtler and profounder tie-up with existence in general, however, and therein is the genesis of this author's "slant" on the age-old matter of naval power. Though the machine age came late to the navies of the world they nevertheless have been the sure index of man's technological advances. Assuming, flatly, that dominance is ultimately based on fighting strength, which in turn acquires political significance, the sea that surrounds the continents provided the route to power. Britain, a seafaring nation, became the ma-

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chine-shop of the world, and was, ergo, its premier power.

It is the technological aspect, the basic changes in the actual construction of ships, that is Mr. Brodie's main concern, and his record is absorbing. Thus naval battles from the days of the Armada and earlier are reconstructed in terms of navigation, maneuverability, ship construction, etc., a refreshing and essentially modern method of approach.

In modern times there have been five revolutionary changes in naval techniques. Steam was the innovator. Second came iron ships which Mr. Brodie points out are not to be confused with those wooden vessels, the ironclads, which were no more than veneered with metal here and there. The third development was heavy armor and, in the opposite direction, more powerful guns. The fourth and fifth were in a sense changes of medium, dimension; that is, the use of the waters under the surface and the air. Until then, ships had remained more or less the same for centuries.

Naval tactics and strategy, grown academic and fixed, suffered convulsions as a result of the ingenuity of inventors. Steam very nearly destroyed the cardinal wind factor in battles at sea. It reduced the element of accident, which has been the direction of naval innovations ever since. Thus seamanship as a tactical ingredient was marked down, meting a considerable blow to the British, who profited less by the possession of a large seafaring population. The compensation was, of course, British mechanical priority which enabled them to build better ships.

One of the characteristics of machine-age naval power is a growth in caution that might have been looked on with contempt by the earlier sea-dogs. A single shell sank the $30,000,000 *Hood* in a few minutes. With high-speed propulsion, the radio, the submarine and the airplane and the means for greater mobility the movements of battle fleets paradoxically have been restricted. If there is anything that illustrates the parable of contending opponents so heavily armored they cannot move, it is naval warfare.

Whence the conclusion of some observers that decisive battle and victory on the sea such as Trafalgar, Santiago and Tsushima are unlikely in modern times. The greatest naval engagement of history, Jutland, was no better than a draw. And if sea power loses its ability to be effective, it would seem also that it loses its decisiveness in history.

It is here that air warfare has its revolutionary bearing. It has overridden and made ineffective the primary consideration of caution put upon naval commanders. Naval bombings may return "decisiveness" to combat on the sea only to bring about its doom. The partial answer to that is the plane-carrier, which means that the question is still to be proved. Air power has only weakened sea power, and at best may only prolong that weakening without ever being the death of it. Indeed, planes to be effective on heavily-armored vessels have had to resort to the water-borne torpedo. Bombs alone have not been enough.

Mr. Brodie tempts and instructs us with the makings of this fascinating and certainly portentous problem, meanwhile offering a substantial story of what has gone on in the past, interlarded with the ever-attractive lore of the sea.

—JOHN MITCHELL

MEN AND POLITICS. An Autobiography. *By Louis Fischer. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce: 1941. 672 pages. $3.50.*

THERE are three kinds of writers of autobiographies. Those who saw, those who did, and those who neither did nor saw, but tell, nevertheless, how they were the center of everything. Fischer's autobiography belongs frankly to the first group. Roaming the last twenty years all over Europe as a leftist free-lance correspondent for such magazines as *The Nation,* Fischer writes an exceedingly interesting, very readable history of the last twenty years in Germany, Russia, Poland, France, England and Spain. Most of this time Fischer spent in Russia, and more than one-third of the book is devoted to that country. These pages tell of its transition from the dream of paradise on earth, in which light the revolution of 1917 appeared to him, to the nightmare which became reality as the result of the Hitler-

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Stalin pact of 1939. No other foreign correspondent in Russia had better opportunity to learn what was happening; Fischer had access to all leading Bolsheviks, who helped him in every way to prepare his former book, *The Soviets in World Affairs.*

His personal biography can be summarized in a few lines. Born in Philadelphia in 1896, Fischer enlisted in the Jewish Legion to fight for an independent Palestine and arrived there at the time of the Armistice, too late to see any fighting. Returning to America, he offered his services to *The Nation* and the *New York Evening Post* as a free-lance correspondent in Russia—without salary or drawing account.

During these twenty years he made many trips to other countries of Europe and to the United States, and lived, as he puts it, "from check to check." After the Moscow trials, which he could not stomach, he left for Spain to enlist in the Communist-controlled International Brigade, and was appointed quartermaster of a detachment in Albacete, rather distant from the real fighting. After a few weeks his dictatorial superior officer, the French Communist Marty, told him that he would be more useful as correspondent in Madrid or Barcelona, and Fischer returned to writing articles instead of distributing shoes and blankets.

His chapter on Germany is one of the most succinct analyses of the suicide of that republic (with monarchists in all key positions), and the subsequent rise of Hitlerism. His narrative of the disastrous policy of appeasement and submission to Hitler is concise and lucid. The examples he gives of the procedures during the Moscow trials, and the form and contents of the "confessions," leave no doubt that he was even then convinced that all were frame-ups with legalistic trappings. But he, too, fails to solve the greatest murder mystery story of the century—why the "defendents" confessed and how their disgusting self-revilements were induced. There is no precedent in the history of revolutionists for those defendents' descriptions of themselves as scoundrels and traitors, One remark, however, in part explains the mass purges of so many officials including the chief "purger," Yagoda, the head of the GPU. Fischer says that "one of the reasons why so many people were purged was that they had purged others, and knew how it was done. Thus purges beget more purges."

FAR as this well-written volume stands above most reminiscences by foreign correspondents, and in many respects may be used as a historical reference work, nevertheless one regrets that the author's "passion for truth," of which he assures us, was sometimes such a jealous love that he has kept great parts of it to himself. Or should we say that, having had so much contact with diplomats, he himself became a diplomat, whose traditional creed is to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, but by no means all the truth. Only this would explain why he wrote nothing of the Stalin-made famine in the Ukraine (of which he must know more than any other correspondent). Even Walter Duranty, who also was sympathetic to the Stalin régime, did not suppress the facts.

It is regrettable that in his otherwise moving narrative of the Spanish Civil War, Fischer reprints—without correction—his unpardonable slanders against the Anarchists, published in its time in *The Nation.* He repeats the story—he did not see the events—spread by the GPU in Spain and the Communists in America that a whole Anarchist army (a column) "fled before a small Moorish force," representing them as a cowardly, undisciplined rabble. The fact is that even such writers as Ralph Bates, who was also one of the last to quit the Stalinist band-wagon, in *The Nation* recognized the extraordinary heroism of the Anarchists, who with bare hands destroyed the military rebels when the Barcelona insurrection began in 1936. The "utopian indiscipline" of the first few weeks of the war soon disappeared and gave place to a well-organized army, which in November of the same year came to the rescue of Madrid. Many Anarchist leaders were murdered by the GPU during the Civil War, and those who escaped the GPU were executed by Franco. Fischer takes it upon himself to assassinate their characters.

He explains why he did not openly break with the Stalinists after the Moscow trials,

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by saying that Russia was the only country helping Republican Spain with airplanes and munitions. But he knew—and passes it over in silence—that Russia also sold oil to Italy for the use of Fascist airplanes which destroyed the Russian planes. So Russia sold to Spain more airplanes (for gold) and more oil to Italy (on credit). Good business.

He is the last of the important journalistic fellow-travellers to repudiate his past fanaticism for a fraudulent cause. But as we read in Luke, "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

—STEPHEN NAFT

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC. *By W. D. Puleston. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 273 pages. $2.75.*

THE FIGHT FOR THE PACIFIC. *By Mark J. Gayn. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1941. 370 pages, with index. $3.00.*

IN THE past decade much has been written by American, British and Japanese experts on "the coming war in the Pacific." The latest volume is by Captain Puleston, disciple of the great Mahan, and former American liaison officer in the Imperial Japanese Navy in 1917, and more recently, before his retirement, director of U. S. Naval Intelligence Service.

Captain Puleston writes, he says, as "one who does not believe an American-Japanese war either unthinkable or unavoidable." But it can be avoided "if the Japanese leaders pause to consider the situation [and] realize that it would be easier for them to meet British and American [economic] competition than German; it would be simpler to adjust their economic system with that of Great Britain and the United States than it would be to compete with the compulsions of the German barter arrangements. . . . If Japanese leaders reject overtures it will indicate that under the guise of securing raw materials they have determined to establish a Japanese Empire limited only by their armed strength."

The main question brought up in this volume is how to carry on a war with Japan if a few hot-headed Japanese army and navy officers have their way. The author is pugnacious in much of what he writes. He believes that Guam and Manila should be fortified to the teeth and that our Navy should sail for Singapore at the first sign of hostilities. From there the American fleet could, he says, cripple Japan in a short time. On this Singapore thesis, few Navy men agree with him. Naval tacticians are unconvinced that in any American-Japanese war, the United States fleet could achieve any easy victory by using the Singapore base.

Captain Puleston concludes that the important point is that Japan could not blockade the United States even if our Navy suffered a series of reverses, while one positive victory over the Japanese Navy would be decisive. But that Japan should ever attempt to blockade the United States seems to be a foolish conjecture—this nation is too self-sufficient, with the exception of tin and rubber from Malaya and the East Indies, which could be brought around through the East Coast by way of South Africa.

The author does not deny Japan's power or the courage of Japanese personnel, nor does he overlook the possibility of our having commitments elsewhere—in the Atlantic or Red Sea.

MARK GAYN has attempted to present what might rightfully be called a synopsis of events to come—a sort of libretto for the benefit of the audience before the curtain rises on the drama itself.

This volume, partly historical, traces the fight for Eastern Asia through the last ten years. Because of its analytical nature, the pattern of the volume moves from one sphere of action to another, in each case showing the bearing that the localized operation has on the struggle for Eastern Asia as a whole. From the very outset the book is an eye-opener, showing as it does the appeasement policies of Great Britain, which may be rightly judged to be at the bottom of the entire Far Eastern fiasco, just as it is, in the same sense, the source of trouble in Europe today.

Gayn points to the indignities suffered by British nationals in Tientsin, which he said have no precedent in contemporary history. "British men and women were

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stripped, searched, beaten, starved and jailed. British rights were dragged in the dust. Great Britain's dignity and prestige were made the playthings of scornful soldiery." And, comments Gayn, the embittered, unhappy Government could offer no better protection to its Far Eastern interests than Chamberlain's cautious protests. The author believes that Britain, shorn of her weapons by appeasement, displayed her impotence before the eyes of the world, during the Tientsin blockade by the Japanese in the summer of 1939.

Nor does the author have any high esteem for Viscount Halifax, and he calls his attitude the shame of Britain, declaring:

"Viscount Halifax (who eighteen months later was to step out of the Foreign Office and take the crucially important Ambassadorship to Washington) was no less vigorous in his advocacy of appeasement in the Pacific. While headlines pictured new indignities in Tientsin, Halifax backed Chamberlain with the arch remark that:

"'I do not believe that the Tokyo Government wishes deliberately to challenge the whole position and policy of Britain in the Orient. . . . If [the Japanese] can be brought to believe that, and give proof of their repeated declarations that they do not intend to destroy British interests in the Far East, I should hope that the Tientsin matter might be capable of settlement. . . .'"

In what the author calls Britain's "retreat to glory," London finally abandoned her vast interests in China to their fate under Japanese pressure and "the lowest point on the tortuous road of appeasement had been reached." Then Britain regained her heart—which was bitter and vengeful after the small British garrison marched out of Peking's famous legation quarter on August 13, 1940, leaving the city without a Tommy for the first time in the twentieth century.

But, "Many an editorial in England let a threat of eventual retaliation slip in between the lines. But together with this dismay there was also delight at the growing warmth of relations with the United States. . . . The identification of Britain's imperial interests with those of the United States was in effect the price the British Government paid for American support. In a hostile world, the United States alone stood ready to help Britain; and Britain reciprocated . . . ," obviously the forerunner of joint Anglo-American action in the Far East.

As a basis for vigorous action and a far bolder course than that which has been taken, Gayn urges recognition of the reality that a genuine fight is already in progress for the control of all East and Southeast Asia and he points out the gravity of this contest to the United States.

Of great interest is Gayn's lucid exposition of how a military clique managed to establish itself so that it gained complete control of Japan.

—W. M.

NIETZSCHE. *By Crane Brinton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1941. 266 pages. $2.50.*

MANY writers on Nietzsche, indebted to him for what they consider their spiritual liberation, tend to view the master in terms of their own development and to offer a personal confession. Professor Brinton's witty, astringent and eminently sensible book is the work of a historian, and its value lies in its relative detachment and disinterestedness. When, on occasion, the author adopts a belittling tone, one may recognize a counterpart in scholarship of the present-day disillusioned school of writing. An independent disciple of Pareto, Mr. Brinton singles out for appreciation the superb lucid intervals of the Nietzsche who attempted to reveal "the natural history of morals." In him he finds a link between the sceptical French moralists and contemporary scientific sociology. The essential Nietzsche, however, is viewed as a frustrated little man and his work as the pathetic expression of human weakness seeking to give itself the appearance of strength. This is the Nietzsche who has recently been called the most complex of the *poètes maudits* of the European decadence, and who, in desperate isolation, and finally under the approaching shadow of paresis, became the philosopher of the will to power. In him a characteristic German contribution to literary culture, brutality charged with mysticism, found ultimate expression. It is the philosopher with the hammer who is claimed by the Nazis as

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their most distinguished "ally in the spiritual warfare of the present age," and who is appropriately recognized in a biographical series devoted to the "Makers of Modern Europe."

Mr. Brinton skillfully breaks new ground when he deals with the growth of Nietzsche's reputation in Germany. He aptly divides the followers of the philosopher into two classes, the "tough" and the "tender," both able to find sustenance in the unsystematic outpourings of their teacher. Before 1914 they for the most part belonged to the tender group and were admirers of the "good European." Obviously, it was improper to ascribe to the influence of Nietzsche "responsibility" for the first World War. But with the progressive decivilization of Germany the tough disciples have multiplied and waxed fat. They have created a Nietzsche after their own image and presented the Third Reich with a patron saint. If it has been necessary to distort and mutilate the text of classical works in order to adapt them to the needs of a common herd, this was a congenial occupation for Nazi scholarship. Nietzsche has won a popularity he presumably did not anticipate.

—ALBERT LIPPMAN

THE EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM. *By George Frederick Kneller. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1941. 299 pages. $3.50.*

NO HARDER task confronts the fervent believer in democracy than that of writing an objective, unimpassioned book on the theoretical background of national socialism. The democracies—not consistently in peacetime but in today's climate of total war—are loath to credit their opponents with more of a philosophy or educational system than are cynical rationalizations of world domination. Rather, we would do well to inquire, as does Dr. Kneller, what are the core and substance of the Nazi dream? What manner of man does the Nazi system tend to produce? How does he justify himself to other men and to God?

Dr. Kneller finds that the Nazi philosophy is an olla podrida of German mysticism, bardic poetry, *realpolitik*, youthful nostalgia, platonism, Spartan self-sacrifice, spurious anthropology, brutal realism and outright sadism. Probably there is, high in Nazi councils, at least one man who symbolizes and embodies each of these qualities which the Germans like to excavate in themselves or who expresses some dream or absolute of a German poet or philosopher.

Dr. Kneller tries manfully for an objective approach to the educational tenets expounded by the Nazi schoolmen, in this first book of its kind, and has succeeded amazingly well. He has given us a valuable source-book and an irritating reminder of the constitution of the Nazi mind. That mind is not at bottom Hitlerian, as we are sometimes told, but traditionally German. The basic theories now taught in German schools and universities and hawked in the controlled press are by no means new. They have lain dormant beneath the surface; they cropped up now and again in the post-war period in books, speeches and periodicals, in the youth movement and on the stage.

Dr. Kneller's book is highly recommended to all who wish to understand the contemporary German mind. It is thorough and well-documented, and for us the German educational system offers a timely warning which may be summed up as follows: If we educate for survival alone—that is, for pragmatic social ends—we are in imminent danger of losing our perspective and narrowing all education to the hungers of the State. Somewhere, somehow we must seek a balance between abstract education, as exemplified by the pure sciences and arts, and the self-imposed duties and disciplines of democracy.

—PIERRE LOVING

DARKNESS AT NOON. *By Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 267 pages. $2.00.*

NONE of the many recent factual revelations of Soviet Russian affairs produces such an overwhelming impression of reality as this novel by Koestler, a former Moscow correspondent who had many friends among the "liquidated" who were once at the top of the Russian hierarchy. This fictionalized narrative of the Moscow trials,

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whose protagonist is "Rubashov," a former commissar and founding father of the Soviet State and hero of the Revolution—of his retrospections, his dialogues with the OGPU inquisitors, during which fantastic confessions and self-revilements were extorted—is a symbolic synthesis of present-day Russia.

How were such as Rubashov made to confess? There were two forms of liquidation. Administrative shooting without trial, if the subject was not amenable to "confession." But if the prosecution were convinced that he was sufficiently broken down not to be in danger of recanting, public show trials were more effective. As to method, actual beatings are rare; rather, the defendant is examined continuously until he faints from exhaustion and lack of sleep.

Some confessed in return for promises that their families would not be harmed or that they themselves would be pardoned after conviction or would be received back into the party after a few years in prison. Some, after having been physically and mentally weakened from their ordeals, came finally to believe that a confession of imaginary crime would benefit the party and that sacrifice of their honor was an act of supreme heroism for the good of humanity.

Koestler's imaginative presentation of these processes can, without exaggeration, be called a masterpiece. Even so, it is not fully convincing, for a few weeks before his "confession" Rubashov points out to his inquisitor the following:

"The people's standard of life is lower than before the Revolution; the labor conditions are harder, the discipline is more inhuman, the piece-work drudgery worse than in colonial countries; . . . our leader worship more Byzantine than that of the reactionary dictatorships. . . . We have built up the most gigantic police apparatus, with informers made a national institution and with the most refined scientific system of physical and mental torture."

But if Rubashov recognizes all that, where is the logic of his desire to sacrifice his honor—something which not even the Fascist régimes have demanded of their victims?

—S. N.

AXIS AMERICA. *By Robert Strausz-Hupé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 274 pages. $2.50.*

ANYONE who seriously doubts the Axis intentions regarding the United States, if and when Britain is defeated, is recommended to the remarkable collection of German, Italian and Japanese invective assembled by Robert Strausz-Hupé.

Born in Austria, Mr. Strausz-Hupé came to the United States in 1923, and is currently a special lecturer in the Department of Political Science of the University of Pennsylvania.

In this, his latest book, he scouts fears that Hitler may be planning an armed attack on the Western Hemisphere after his European adventure. Instead, he points out, the attack has been carried on by official and unofficial spokesmen in millions of printed and spoken words during the last few years.

Most of this verbal barrage originated in Berlin, which still guides its Axis partners in the carefully, planned campaign to undermine American morale. Mr. Strausz-Hupé admits that the cumulative effect in this country has been gratifying to its instigators.

By copious use of quotations from source documents we are shown the Nazi conception of American disunity, class conflict and spiritual poverty. All of this picture, it is held, is designed to weaken the confidence of Americans in their system of government and their leaders, with the ultimate aim of precipitating a civil war in the United States: a war that may end with men of Nazi ideology in the seats of power.

Particularly fascinating is the exposition of the reversal in the Italian view of the United States after the Rome-Berlin alliance, and the co-ordination of the Japanese propaganda program with those of her new allies.

"The Nazis," Mr. Strausz-Hupé writes, "represent positive threat of domination, while the Fascists are content with undermining American resistance. Perhaps unconsciously reconciled to playing second fiddle, the latter are content to weaken America's power to hurt fascism, without caring much what happens to America."

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"While the Italians emphasize social and economic inequalities which they see as undermining the American position," he remarks at another point, "it is the Germans who stress the new leadership—meaning their leadership—as the way out."

A different method of approach is used by the Berlin and Rome commentators in Latin America. Press and radio are employed to instill the belief in the southern republics that the United States is using the Monroe Doctrine to mask an imperialism which seeks to subjugate its neighbors. The Axis spokesmen constantly stress the argument of cultural dissimilarity and play upon the emotions of economic jealousy.

One of the virtues of Mr. Strausz-Hupé's book is its comparative objectivity. He seldom labors to prove his thesis, but rather allows quotations from Rome, Berlin and Tokyo to prove it for him. The Axis spokesmen, high and low, are the real authors of the book.

—FRANK P. S. GLASSEY

COLOMBIA. *By Kathleen Romoli. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1941. 353 pages and index. $3.50.*

ALTHOUGH Colombia is one of the most important of the South American countries to the United States, both politically and commercially, it is little known to Americans, with the exception of oil men and chorus girls (preferably blondes), who seem to have a corner on the market for one-night stands ranging all the way from Barranquilla down the Magdalena River to the capital, at Bogotá. That is not to infer that Miss Romoli's book is a story of a junket through the riverside jungles, such as you would hear from returning chorines. Rather, this is a book rich in the background, the present and the possible future of this gateway to South America.

After providing an excellent background of the whys and wherefores of this Republic—which, incidentally, the United States raped in a trumped-up revolution to secure the Panama Canal—the author winds up 344 pages with a concluding chapter that is extremely revealing. Says she:

"Colombia, having spent the greater part of the last century in an erratic course composed of rapid advances, sudden retreats and inconclusive if vigorous lateral movements from right to left and back again, is now on a straight track. . . . Twice lucky, she has both a great deal to do and a great deal with which to do it. In fact, at first glance the raw ingredients of progress—441,000 square miles of territory, a diversity of soils and climates, magnificent mineral deposits, ports on two oceans, a stable political system—would seem to indicate a future modeled all in a happy shade of rose. The prospect is not, however, quite so unrelieved. Here and there in this book some of the less sanguine aspects have been set forth; they are sufficient to temper any too-cheerful scene to decent moderation. Nevertheless it is not physical obstacles or what our genteel ancestors called 'straitened circumstances' on the one hand, or the profusion of natural resources on the other, that will decide Colombia's destiny. Her future does not depend on territory, though no one will deny that a lot of land is a useful thing for an up-and-coming country to have; it does not depend on subsoil riches, although oil and coal and gold and iron and all those other geological bounties are the sinews of success. A country might be laid out in solid bands of mineral deposits; it might be awash with petroleum and cultivatable to the last inch, and if it were uninhabited it would not exist. Colombia's tomorrow depends upon the Colombians.

"The determining human factor presents two problems: a quantitative one and a qualitative one. The first is simple; although the pressure of 9,000,000 people is insufficient to force development in a country of this size, the philoprogenitive inhabitants are steadily remedying matters. . . .

"The matter of quality, however, cannot be left to biological instinct. The one immediate necessity is education—and by that I do not mean academic schooling. If by some miracle every peon and *campesino* between the Caribbean and the Putumayo were endowed tomorrow with grade-school learning and the modern outlook, the result would be disaster; for the modern outlook is demanding, and Colombia is not yet geared to satisfy it. What the

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proletariat needs first of all is something deeper and more difficult; a wise and careful building up of moral and physical stamina; education in cleanly, healthy living, in responsibility and co-operation. Something is being done, but it is only the beginning of a long pull. Upper-class Colombians are awake to the urgency of the problem, but they do not all look on it eye to eye."

Colombia, whose colorful and violent history antidates our own by many years, is well worth discovery by Americans, either for travel or business. For it still is a country of pioneers in every way—including even more far-fetched social experiments than we in the United States have ever known.

—S. K. B.

SPURS ON THE BOOT. *By Thomas B. Morgan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1941. 346 pages, with index. $2.50.*

THE publishers hail this book as the answer to Winston Churchill's remark that the story of the decline and fall of the Italian Empire . . . will not take a future Gibbon so long to write as the original work."

Morgan has undertaken that job and done it well, although little can be said for the literary style. No one, perhaps, is better equipped to do a job on the "inside story" of Italy. A foreign correspondent in Rome for seventeen years, he covered Italy and her interests in the entire Mediterranean area. And enjoyed the benefit of personal acquaintance with Mussolini and the men and women who have surrounded and influenced Il Duce.

Spurs on the Boot carries the story of Fascist Italy from its birth in Milan, when Benito Mussolini, "gathered several score of political vagabonds in an upper chamber in a dark and spooky structure on Holy Sepulcher Place," in March 1919, and promised that if they followed him, some day they would rule the world.

Among his insights into Mussolini's Italy are that every war that Mussolini has waged has been against the wish of the people and against the will and advice of his staff; that the two women who most inspired him were Jewesses; that he planned to supersede the King; that when Mussolini declared war on France and Britain, Italy was dead broke from Ethiopia and Spain; and finally, that Mussolini, if exiled, has staked out his future home in Brazil.

Morgan estimates that 2,000,000 are dead from Mussolini's wars—in casualties, from hunger, disease, mass murder in Spain, Libya, Ethiopia, Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece and Italy itself. Included in these two millions are 12,000 persons massacred by Graziani, to pay for a spot on his uniform.

—M.

POEMS *1930-1940. By Horace Gregory. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 163 pages. $2.50.*

THIS volume impressively presents the work of a poet who is certainly one of the most intense and unique in our time. The sources of it range from Greek to modern American, in both detail and technique, yet the finished product is always Gregory. I should sum up the talent as being tenuous, tenacious and pungent.

"Cassandra, the world's on fire; the harvest's sour:
from Salem into China, an old sailor's song
sung to the yellow sea that pours
oceans of grain over us, fire and flood;
it will be hard to sleep."

Readers new to Gregory's work should be warned not to take him in too large doses. The logic of the separate poems is difficult to follow. Favored images recur too often, and too frequently in favored patterns, giving the impression that the poems overlap—as indeed they do. (In what poet, novelist or playwright's work do they not?) Emotionally, there is an elegaic romanticism that repeats itself and is apt to blind one to the writer's tougher side. Yet Gregory has that—has in fact written trenchantly of every major contemporary concern in a number of quite different and quite valid veins.

"Do I have to prove I can sell anything?
You can see it in my eyes, the way I
brush my hair,

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even when I need a drink and can't
stop talking.

"Do I have to prove it with my two
hands and arms,
lifting five hundred pounds above my
head,
until the house cheers and something
falls, the platform broken and
the lights gone out,
crowds calling for police,
and a child crying for its mother
down the aisle?"

In general, the earliest and the latest poems in this volume seem the most successful. Those in the final section show a mind restless and still capable of change. If books are being read at all ten years from now, Gregory's will be. Or fifty years.

—KENNETH FEARING

AMAZON THRONE. *By Bertita Harding. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1941. 322 pages, bibliography and index. $3.50.*

Miss Harding had available a wealth of romantic material in writing the history of the Braganza dynasty, Emperors of Brazil during most of the nineteenth century. The book, however, would be of more serious interest if she had devoted less space to their personal intrigues and more to their place in Brazilian history. As the author herself notes, Dom Pedro I's love letters to his mistress are "unpolished, often raw, incoherent, awkward, even ungrammatical" and make very dull reading. Pedro II, on the other hand, was a studious and conscientious monarch who died an exile from his native Brazil—because he believed in the "will of the people," even when it was directed against him, though he undoubtedly could have saved his throne by even slight resistance.

The story which has yet to be written, and which Miss Harding has not touched upon, is the effects lasting into contemporary Brazil, of the Braganza rule in comparison with the republican-cum-revolutionary régimes of other Latin-American countries during the same period.

—M. McF.

MEN OF WEALTH. *By John T. Flynn. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1941. 531 pages. $3.75.*

It goes without saying that this popular author and economist has produced in this book a colorful and exciting story of wealth as revealed in the lives of twelve persons who either devised or employed the new means down the ages that society offered for acquiring it. Here is the story of money in terms of personality, with no punches pulled, and many an obscure detail in the art of outwitting others made clear for the first time for at least one reader.

What one does not care for so much are the abrupt and oftentimes not quite accurate parallels Mr. Flynn draws between events of the past and those today. It is a method of slyly forcing one's point of view into matters that have been vindicated by history, gaining for something not yet proved an authority by no means sure. At times one almost believes that the author wrote this book as an extremely roundabout but nevertheless quite deadly attack upon the policies of the New Deal, and thus he becomes more of a polemicist than a historian.

THE DARKEST HOUR. *By Leo Lania. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1941. 235 pages. $2.75.*

Decent, intelligent people, such as we expect to meet in civilized society and think of as living unmolested in it, are described in this swift-paced account as subject at a moment's notice to supreme indignities in a land famous for its humanity. That country is defeated France, and the people are refugees already at least once before dispossessed of home and livelihood.

Whereas Nazi and Fascist cruelties were calculated and, by their own ugly lights, had a reason, the handling of France of its unfortunate guests seems to have been simply thoroughgoing bureaucratic stupidity. Hence the confoundment of these anti-Fascists at their treatment by the country they had come to adopt as their own.

But the people of France did not agree with their Government, at least in this one respect. For they accorded unstinted help

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to the escaping Lania and his friends as they made their difficult way from a Brittany concentration camp through occupied and into unoccupied France. The author's first few chapters on Parisian society on the eve of war suggest more of the familiar reasons why that unhappy nation fell.

ECONOMIC DEFENSE OF LATIN AMERICA. *By Percy W. Bidwell. Boston: World Peace Foundation. 96 pages. 50 cents.*

A compact survey of problems confronting United States relations with Latin America following the closing of the latter's economic outlets to continental Europe. What this country should and can do to counteract German economic and political penetration and our weapons of economic defense.

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SUGGESTED READING

DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAS. *By André Chéradame. Doubleday, Doran and Company.* (Reviewed this month.)

CIVIL AIR DEFENSE. *By Lt. Col. A. M. Prentiss, U.S.A. Whittlesey House.* (Reviewed next month.)

SPURS ON THE BOOT. *By Thomas B. Morgan. Longmans, Green and Company.* (Reviewed this month.)

DARWIN, MARX, WAGNER. THE FATAL LEGACY OF "PROGRESS." *By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown and Company.* (Reviewed next month.)

PEACE AIMS AND THE NEW ORDER. *By R. W. G. Mackay. Dodd, Mead and Company.* (Reviewed next month.)

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC. *By W. D. Puleston. Yale University Press.* (Reviewed this month.)

DEMOCRACY'S BATTLE. *By Francis Williams. The Viking Press.* (Reviewed next month.)

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(Continued from page 483)

that he fell, and she enclosed
him smaller than he ever was
for her or for his mother.

I'm a mouth to kiss your skin,
or a scissor, she was saying,
for your stem. I am.
I wish I were your shadow too
but I would cool you then.

Oh dear. A name to call him
nearer than the smallest name.
There wasn't one. Dear me.
Your balcony I could be
she said, or summer house, or let me
be the room you sleep in.

BRIAN READE
—in *Horizon*, London

Shape of Life

A hundred steps beyond the fir
It waries, stony still;
Yet who mistakes the squirrel for
A stone upon the hill?

Although it crouch there like a song
Forgotten till none hear it—
Song and squirrel cannot hide
The contour of the spirit.

JOHN RUSSELL McCARTHY
—in *Compass Anthology*

The Being So-Called Human

Not afraid of anything is he
and then goes cowering forth, tread
paced
to meet an obstacle
at every step. Consistent with the
formula—warm blood, no gills,
two pairs of hands and a few hairs—that
is a mammal; there he sits in his
own habitat, serge-clad, strong-shod.
The prey of fear; he, always
curtailed, extinguished
thwarted by the dusk, work partly done,
says to the alternating blaze,
"Again the sun!
anew each
day; and new and new and new,
that comes into and steadies my soul."

MARIANNE MOORE
—in *Pangolin* (excerpt), London

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